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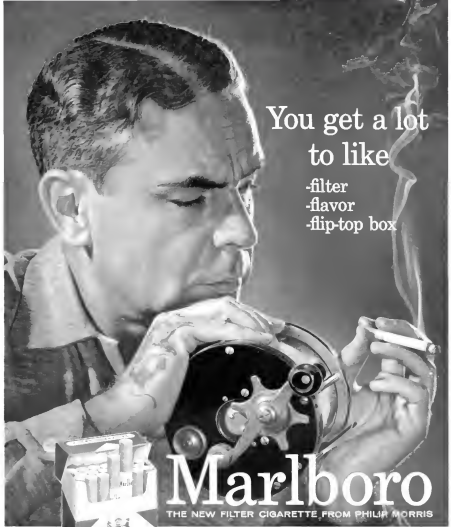
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COVER: GREAT WHITE HERON
Photograph by David Goodnow

Largest and most majestic of all the members of the heron family found in Florida, the great white heron inhabits only the southern tip of the state. There it feeds in shallow bays or flies with slow, powerful wing beats over the mangrove islands. Once nearly extinct, it has increased under protection. For more rare color pictures of Everglades birds see page 29.

Acknowledgments on page 58

An SI Special

18 BOOSTERISM EXPLODES AT THE U. OF WASHINGTON

Football and boosterism have long gone happily hand in hand at the University of Washington (as elsewhere) but last week they were just beginning to pick up the pieces after Coach Johnny Cherberg—who was fired as a loser—angrily broke silence about secret slash funds and other fascinating, seldom discussed aspects of the exaggerated will to win. A documentary report

17 'GOODBY, MR. MACK'

When death came to Connie Mack last week at 93 he was an American legend. SI tells the story of the last time Connie sat in a dugout and the affectionate farewells he drew from two generations of ballplayers

28 THE EVERGLADES: BIRD WATCHING'S PARADISE

In a comprehensive and colorful visit to Florida's spectacular sanctuary, JOHN O'REILLY introduces Bernie Parker, the park's puckish ranger; DAVID GOODNOW presents eight pages of rare bird photographs IN COLOR; and HORACE SUTTON rounds up the tours to take in Florida with the Audubon Society

45 HOT WORDS AT HAPPY KNOLL

In his first report in 1956 on his favorite country club, JOHN P. MARQUAND reveals an altercation in the bar involving the Old Guard, the Fair Deal and Old Ned—who, with several well-known members, appears at last in person in drawings by JOE KAUFMAN

52 KING AND QUEEN OF SHARKS

They are Bob and Dolly Dyer, their home is Australia, and what happens when they go out after tigers, whales, naras and others has to be seen to be believed. COLES PHINNEY describes it, in words and pictures IN COLOR

THE DEPARTMENTS:

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59 THE 19TH HOLE

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41 Hooses: WHITNEY TOWER, visiting Swaps in his native California, reports on his racing prospects and those of other western track hopefuls

43 Basketball: ROY TERRELL proffers some news on Olympic selection, and a round-up of the week's games throughout the nation

64 Boxing: MARTIN KANE, having watched the Hurricane Follies, concludes that what boxing needs is some good fights

45 Tip from the Top: PALMER MAPLES has some novel advice on how a towel can help your right elbow

56 Ski Tip: SKIPP RUSCH describes the techniques of downhill racing and how to achieve them

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

BASEBALL: THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE BIG BUSINESS

Part I of a searching report by Robert Coughlan on the business side of the national game: how teams are made and all the risks and gambles that precede

A CALL TO ARMS ON THE BEAVERKILL

America's most sacred trout stream is being wantonly destroyed by private—and public—vendetta; Spence Grey Mackle tells the story and sounds the alarm to all true fishermen

PLUS: NASHUA'S FIRST RACE OF THE SEASON, PLUS AN INDIAN TIGER HUNT IN PICTURES BY THE LATE YLLA AND WORDS BY JOHN HUSTON

SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Carin Cone, 15-year-old Ridgewood, N.J. backstroke, brightened U.S. Olympic hopes as she tied the 150-yard American backstroke record (1:48.2) set when she was a baby; at New Haven. Carin is national 100- and 200-meter champion.



Vince Boryla, bulky onetime All-American (Denver), professional and Olympic basketball, returned to the game after a two-year absence to coach his old team, the New York Knickerbockers, replacing the ailing Joe Lapchick.

RECORD BREAKERS

NYAC meet at Madison Square Garden produced two new world's indoor records and one tie. **Lieut. Parry O'Brien** bettered his own mark by 3 1/2 inches in 16-pound shotput with heave of 59 feet 9 inches; **Villanova's front-running Charley Jenkins**, undefeated this season, bootfooted through 500 yards in 26.4 to eclipse **Mal Whitfield's** record of 26.6; **Lee Calhoun** of North Carolina College streaked over four barriers in 60-yard hurdles final in 7.1 for his fifth straight win to tie old standard (Feb. 11).

Colonel Fred A. Wanklyn of Nassau boated 85-pound wahoo on 20-pound test line in Exuma Sound waters in central Bahamas, claimed world record (Feb. 9). Previous mark was 67 pounds 5 ounces.

Murray Halberg, 22-year-old New Zealand, ran mile in 4:01.8 over grass track at Auckland, fastest time ever recorded on turf (Feb. 11).

BOXING

Peter Waterman, most vertical of horizontally inclined British boxers, endured prebout Calypso taunt of sly Kid Gavilan ("He's very fast on his feet, I'll knock him into the street!"), spate of hooks and holos for 10 rounds at London's Harringway Arena, was awarded roundly booed decision by Referee Ben Green (see page 13).

Larry Boardman, 19-year-old lightweight, gained split decision over Champion Wallace (Bud) Smith in non-title bout at Boston. Smith, who apparently has in-

herited predecessor **Jimmy Carter's** modus operandi (win two, lose one, etc.), claimed, "I'm plenty peeved."

Ralph (Tiger) Jones, stolid journeyman middleweight, held off **Tony Baldoni**, moving up in class, for four rounds, scored him with chopping right in fifth, before putting him down on back in sixth for knockout win at Washington, D.C.

Isaac Logart, Cuba's white-shoed successor to **Kid Gavilan**, showed little of **Keed's** old flash in taking dreary split decision from **Ramon Fuentes**, onetime Forest Lawn graveligger, in New York.

TRACK AND FIELD

Arnie Sowell, running well within himself, took lead on first turn in featured NYAC half mile at Madison Square Garden, withstood brief challenge from **Tom Courtney** to win breezing in spanking 1:51.8. Santeeless mile, which is fast becoming joke of indoor season, was dawdled through to awelling chorus of boos, flitful paper bombardment of track as race commenced at near stroll and closed with **Ron Delany**, eventual victor in 4:14, jostling little **George King** attempting to pass on turn. **George Snyder** won 6.1 60-yard dash in another jerred decision, over **David Sims**, who was looked out at start (see below). Among other winners: **Morgan State's Bob Barndale** in high jump (6 feet 9 inches, meet record); **Pioneer Club's one-mile relay** (Tucker, Bowers, R. Malocco and Pearson—3:18.8, fastest scratch clocking of season); **Pioneer Club's Harry Bright** in

1,000-yard run (2:13.8); **NYAC's Horace Anshelter** in 2-mile run (9:06.6); **Bob Richards**, who cleared 15 feet in pole vault for 89th time.

HORSE RACING

Calumet Farm's Liberty Sun righted himself after floundering in soupy going at Hialeah, splashed up on outside under **Willie Hartack's** urging in stretch to run down leaders, win by neck in mile-and-furlong \$34,359 Everglades Stakes. Favored **Nail led** until running out of wind at end.

Master Gus, a son of **Nasrullah**, showed plenty of heart as he responded to **Bill Boland's** call for still more run in dash to wire in 1 1/2-mile, \$59,300 San Antonio Handicap at Santa Anita, nipping **Honey's Alibi** and favored **Bobby Brocato** in photo.

BASKETBALL

Wake Forest and Alabama turned in major surprise in hoop-happy South, **Dawson** defeating **Duke 80-77** to move into Atlantic Coast Conference lead with **Blue Devils** and **North Carolina**; **Alabama** stopping **Vanderbilt 85-81** to give them top billing in Southeastern Conference.

Illinois continued to lead up **Big Ten**, beating **Indiana 93-89** and **Ohio State 113-64**, chilling the hot hand of **Robin Freeman**, State's master-gunner, in the bargain by holding him to 12 points.

San Francisco scored victories No. 43 and 44 humbling **COP 77-60** and **Fresno State 75-46** to remain unbeaten along with

FOCUS ON THE DEED



LUNGING Dave Sims gets foot across finish first but **George Snyder** got win in NYAC dash.



CHURNING Charley Jenkins sets record in 500 (see above).



TIMOROUS Actress **Sophia Loren** shows form with cape in lesson from great **Luis Miguel Dominguez**.



Mickey McDermott, 27-year-old left-hander who had a 10-10 record with last-place Washington in 1955, including five wins over Cleveland and Boston, was traded to Yankees in seven-player deal. Said Mickey: "Whoopee!"



First foal of Native Dancer, a chestnut filly out of 16-year-old Bray Melody, dam of four English stakes winners, was born at Howard Reinman's Crown Crest Farm outside of Lexington, Ky. The Dancer is now a 6-year-old.



Samuel Reshevsky, U.S. International chess grand master, played 70 simultaneous games for five hours at Hollywood, losing once and drawing twice. Player who deadlocked Sammy: Prince Mike Romanoff and Humphrey Bogart.

St. Francis of Brooklyn. Independents Louisville and Dayton got through week without losses (see page 47).

GOLF

Ted Kroll, playing finest golf of 18-year professional career, shot 18-under-par 264 for first money in \$10,000 Tucson Open. Dew Finsterwald stayed with Kroll until 267 as flock of low scores brought earnings on 274 down to \$124 apiece.

Fay Cracker, cocky National Open champion playing out of Montevideo, calmly stroked seven-foot downhill putt on final hole to beat Patty Berg 144 to 145 and successfully defend her title in Miami Beach women's open.

SPEED SKATING

Russia continued mastery evidenced in Winter Olympics by sweeping first three places in world championships at Oslo. Winner: Oleg Goncharenko. Runners-up: Robert Merkulov and Evgeny Grishin.

FOOTBALL

Frank Leahy, Isemerre Notre Dame coach, expressed disinterest in University of Southern California coaching spot which will open in 1957 when incumbent Jess Hill moves up to athletic director. Said Leahy: "I've had all the coaching I can absorb."

MILEPOSTS

DIED--Connie Mack, 93, manager of Philadelphia Athletics for 50 years (1901-1950); at Philadelphia (see page 17).

FOR THE RECORD

HOCKEY

Natl. Hockey League

1. Montreal	2. Toronto	3. Chicago	4. Boston
W 34, L 22; 1-10 1-1	3-1	3-1	
Pts. 38			
5. New York	6. Boston	7. Toronto	8. Detroit
W 26, L 18; 1-6 2-2	0-5	3-1	
Pts. 31			
9. Detroit	10. Chicago	11. Boston	12. New York
W 22, L 18; 1-14 3-2	2-3	1-2	
Pts. 31			
13. Toronto	14. Montreal	15. Boston	16. New York
W 16, L 28; 1-10 1-1	1-1	5-6	1-1
Pts. 48			
17. Boston	18. New York	19. Toronto	20. Detroit
W 16, L 22; 1-12 2-3	1-3	3-2	1-7
Pts. 44			
21. Chicago	22. Detroit	23. Montreal	24. Toronto
W 16, L 29; 1-11 2-3	1-3	1-1	
Pts. 43			

BASKETBALL

(Natl. Basketball Ass'n)

EASTERN DIVISION

1. Phila.	2. St. L.	3. Minn.
W 34, L 29 120-97	100-97	137-102
Pts. 442	87-79	
4. Boston	5. N.Y.	6. St. L.
W 33, L 34 102-113	100-111	99-97
Pts. 544	116-108	124-100
7. New York	8. St. L.	9. St. L.
W 27, L 27 113-103	100-97	88-94
Pts. 500	106-116	107-91
10. Syracuse	11. St. L.	12. St. L.
W 25, L 29 94-95	95-108	97-98
Pts. 463	96-86	101-74

WESTERN DIVISION

1. San Francisco	2. Minn.	3. St. L.
W 32, L 29 99-98	82-104	93-97
Pts. 549	93-78	
4. Rochester	5. N.Y.	6. St. L.
W 25, L 31 97-102	97-83	94-101
Pts. 446		
7. St. Louis	8. St. L.	9. St. L.
W 22, L 30 111-106	97-108	91-107
Pts. 420	100-124	71-87
10. New York	11. St. L.	12. St. L.
W 22, L 30 106-83	122-117	
Pts. 415	78-82	

BOWLING

EUGENIO MONTI, Italy, Swiss Int. four-man championships, at 2,312 3rd. 1st. 1st. runner-up, Marvyn de Portugal.

BOXING

ART ARAGON, two round KO over Ramon Troncoso, welterweight, Hollywood.
MIGUEL BERRIOS, five-round KO over Bobby Coar-chione, welterweight, New York.
PAUL JOHNSON, 12 round split decision over Teddy (Doc) Sipp, Santa, welterweight, Houston.

DOG SHOW

ON BARDOSE OF QUALITY HILL, owned by Mr. and Mrs. John F. Wagon, Chicago, best of breed, American River Club Specialty, New York.

HORSE RACING

TING HARRIN, \$20,425 Florida Freehold Stakes, 2 L, by 3 lengths, in 9:32 4/5, Oaklawn Park, Fla. Max Southworth, trainer.

GOLF

JIM BEARN, N.Y. County, Early Wynn baseball players' tournament, with 221 for 54 holes, Sayre, Pa.

LACROSSE

STANLEY and **CHARLES PEARSON**, Philadelphia, over Gordy Adams and Billy Wood-Pearce, 15-4, 15-15, 15-15, 15-15, 15-15, American double championships, Berlin.

SOCCER

AUSTRIA 3--American League All Stars 1, New York.

TENNIS

BUCE PATTY, Los Angeles, over Sven Davidson, 6-2, 2-6, 6-3, 6-0, men's title.
ALTHEA GIBSON, New York, over Angela Buchan, 6-2, 6-3, women's title.

OTHER MATCHES

HEBB, FAW, United States, over Nan Roosevelt, 6-3, 11-9.
LEW ROADS, Australia, over Gil Sher, 6-1, 6-0.
(World Tennis Day)
PANCHO GONZALES over Tony Trabert, 5 matches in 1.
(South Florida International West Palm Beach)
VIC SEITZ, Philadelphia, over Cabie Mayles, 2-6, 6-2, 6-4, men's title.
SURLEY PTY, India, over Nancy Montgomery, 6-1, 6-3, women's title.



POISED Japanese billiardist, Noeko Katura, lines up shot in Manila exhibition.



EXASPERATED Dick Nixon, trying out the game of Ikko, finds that par is an elusive thing.



CONFIDENT Ave Harriman finds going downhill easy trick on Adirondack slope.

JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

What sport not now
contested do you think
deserves most to be
added to the
Olympic Games?

HORMAN BARRY, Chicago

Sports newscaster
WBBQ-TV and Radio



"Golf, because it's universally played and draws a vast field of amateurs. In the 1955 Tam O'Shanter, 19 countries were represented. In the past 26 years, golf has become a top participation sport. Olympic contestants could be chosen from national amateur and public links competition."

ERWIN H. SCHLICHT, New York

Hotel executive



"Golf, one of the most popular world sports, played by persons of all ages. The Walker Cup between England and America has become a fixture even though the U.S. usually wins. If this one-sided competition can attract so much international interest, it's a natural for the Olympics."

ASA S. RUSHNELL

Commissioner
Eastern College
Athletic Conference



"None. The Olympics are full and complete. Giantism is something that the International Committee must watch. Otherwise the games will get out of hand, because pressure could be exerted to include such games as bowling on the green, curling, etc. If anything, the games should be reduced."

COLA G. PARKER, Henshaw, Wis.

President
National Association
of Manufacturers



"Not tennis or golf, because they have an international setup where champions are crowned each year. Synchronized swimming, a beautiful sport, should be included. Trap shooting, too, because it has a tremendous hold. But could we trust the Russians with guns in the Olympics?"

RENVILLE H. McMANH, New York

President, U.S. Lawn
Tennis Assn.



"All international sports should be included. Tennis is one, but the people who run tennis should govern it in the Olympics, not outsiders who know little about the game. That was the trouble in the 1924 Olympics, the last time tennis was played. We got into an awful mess."

CHARLES E. HARE, Chicago

Former member
British Davis
Cup Team



"Golf and tennis, two international sports. Tennis is played in more countries than any other sport. Golf is a close second. Archery is taking hold in schools and colleges and should also be included. But each sport should be controlled by its own people, to avoid politics."

HARRY S. TRUMAN

Former U.S. President



"Officials say that the Olympics are full and complete. Adding new games may make them unwieldy. For every game added, a game should be dropped. Too bad American football isn't played everywhere. The sportsmanship code of football would be a good influence on international ethics."

JAMES V. GILLOON JR.

Athletic director
New York University



"Tennis and golf. They are international sports. And squash rackets deserve to be added. A Pakistan player was an international champion. I'd like to see bowling recognized for it's a lifetime of exercise and fun. And, American football should be played in the Olympics and around the world."

EUGENE F. FLYNN

**Athletic Director
Holy Cross College**



"Some Olympic games are so competitive that occasional incidents are featured in newspapers and create bad feeling. Only sports that promote good feeling should be included. Golf is one. Witness the international good will resulting from the Walker Cup competition."

JAMESON PARKER

U.S. State Dept. official



"Lacrosse, a beautiful game to watch. In my part of the country, Baltimore, we get crowds of 10,000 at any good game. The game requires speed and great skill and is better than hockey. Lacrosse was played in the Olympics and dropped. It's spread so rapidly that it should again be included."

REAR ADMIRAL ANDRE J. JUBELIN

**Washington
French Naval Attache**



"Jai alai, France originated the game as *jeu de main*. It was played with a basket called *chistera*. Later the Spanish, Filipinos, Chinese and Cubans adopted the game. Now it's played in Florida. We still play *jeu de main* in France but not as expertly as jai alai."

NEXT WEEK:

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Norshall's	Hartford, Conn.
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Stevens	Jackson, Miss.
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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

SINCE when is croquet a sport?" asks Mr. Mike Kenny of Detroit. "A couple of weeks ago it was bird watching. I'm almost afraid to buy the next issue."

Although croquet history is not my strongest subject, I find that the game has been calling for considerable competitive skill since the 17th century. My own experiences with mallet and wicket have invariably left me chastened by croquet's demands for accuracy, strategy and self-control, sports essentials all.

As for bird watching, SI's story on the Christmas Bird Count (Jan. 16) revealed the strict rules and keen competition which can surround this activity; and I only hope that the great white heron on our cover this week did not frighten Mr. Kenny completely away, because it is part of a remarkable series of color photographs by David Goodnow (see page 29). I'm sure, moreover, that he would not want to miss the other sports in this issue like football (page 18), boxing (page 44), basketball (page 43), horse racing (page 51), golf (page 45) and fishing (page 52).

To help our editors keep all sports in proportion for readers with ever-widening sports interests, the Lloyd C. Hall Co., a research firm, maintains a count of pages devoted to each sport. The summary for 1955 shows that in all, last year, SI reported 94 sports in 3,100 pages. Among the 94: croquet, with less than one page, shared equal billing with bocce, tether ball, tamborelli and shuffleboard. Bird watching came in for 12 pages. But baseball had 307 pages, football 210, golf 180, and right up at the top with them, boxing, fishing, hunting, horse racing, tennis, sailing and track.

Recently Dodger Catcher Roy Campanella—whose off-duty interests include model railroading and tropical fish breeding and who lately took a step in another direction when he bought a 41-foot cruiser—had some words for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. "Of course I always read the baseball first," he said, "but after that I go for the stories on a lot of sports I didn't know about before."

Perhaps this, alongside the Lloyd Hall report, warrants a hope that reader Kenny, like many others, may soon find in each issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED that he is enjoying some new adventures, as well as the tried and true, in sport's increasingly wide and wonderful world.

Harry R. Phillips





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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

SPORT, THE UNIVERSAL CIVILIZER • AROUND THE WASHINGTON CAMP
FIRE • THE LGHE, LGHM BOXING GUILD • CAT-AND-MOUSE GAME IN
MEMPHIS • THE LOGISTICS OF TROTTING • THE KEEPS' LOST FIGHT

A TRIUMPH FOR SPORT

THE APOSTLES of gloom were out in full force after the Winter Olympics ended. Frustrated perhaps by the lack of bitter international disputes at Cortina, they pointed an ominous finger instead at the remarkable success of Soviet athletes in the Games and interpreted same as a sure sign of the coming collapse of Western democracy, or at the very least the absolute surrender of amateur sport to Communist strong-arm tactics.

Perhaps it is starry-eyed to put forth a completely opposite interpretation: that the influence of the ideals of Western democracy and amateur sport are changing the Soviet Union and may yet be a significant factor in the inevitable destruction of the brutal, ruthless Communism we know today.

Communists bend the truth to their needs, yet in the Olympic Games, Soviet athletes accepted the harsh truth of defeat as readily as they did the sweet truth of victory. Communists see nothing but evil in Western democracy, yet in the Olympics Soviet praise of Western athletes was warm and sincere.

Communists place political significance on everything: Averell Harriman at the Baseball Writers' dinner in New York remembered Andrei Vishinsky's snuffing some years ago that a Soviet-British soccer match had great political importance. Yet in a speech at Cortina just after the Games closed, Soviet Sports Minister Nikolai Romanov said—along with praise for his athletes and a proud boast that they'd do even better at Melbourne—that the Winter Games "helped to demonstrate that the friendship between East and West sportsmen and women which started in a big way at Helsinki has become even stronger. When you consider that there wasn't a single unpleasant incident

through the Games—even in a sport as rough as ice hockey—then you can realize the value of these games. . . . Sport is above politics and is increasingly building up a deep and sincere bond between us all."

Sport above politics! Shades of Lenin and Stalin! Maybe Romanov didn't really mean what he said. Maybe his Communist tongue was in his Communist cheek. But he said it, and that alone was a remarkable triumph, if a small one, for the two-often-ridiculed ideals of fair play and sportsmanship that are the backbone not only of amateur sport but, in truth, of Western democracy itself.

START OF A MISSION

THE NATIONAL PARKS, with facilities for 25 million visitors, had twice that many last year as nomadic Americans trooped the country over to see

and live for a while in their heritage of primeval beauty. They saw the parks overcrowded and deteriorating (SI, June 13).

It was around a campfire in 1870 that the decision to set up the first national park was made, and so, to launch the Department of Interior's Mission 66—a 10-year effort between now and 1966 to save and improve the parks—a simulated campfire was built in the department's restaurant in Washington a few nights ago, and 500 conservationists, Congressmen, other government officials and their wives sat down to dine around its glow. The usually bare walls were garlanded with fir branches. The guests sipped cider punch and dined on elk steaks and roast buffalo shipped in from Custer Park. It was a happy meal because, a week or so before, President Eisenhower had nodded approval to Mission 66.

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

U.S. Olympic officials, back from Cortina and looking ahead to the Summer Games at Melbourne next November, tend to agree that, regardless of skill, many American athletes at the Winter Games did not begin to approach the edge of physical condition shown by the Russians, Scandinavians and others.

Liechtenstein's Olympic hero, Moritz Heidegger, the 19-year-old motorcycle racer who, though he had never driven a bobbed, raced creditably in the two-man lobs at Cortina (SI, Feb. 6), is dead. He died crushed through the snow wall lining the track as he trained at St. Moritz for the Swiss two-man championships. His teammate, Welfin Wolfinger, broke a leg but Heidegger, whose brother was killed in a motorcycle accident five months ago, died of head injuries.

Starred horsemen ran across an example of Florida boosterism when weights were

announced for the big 8-year-old races at Hialeah and Gulfstream Park: 122 pounds for out-of-state horses, 117 pounds for the talented Needles, which qualifies as a Florida-bred colt on the ground of having been foaled there. Embarrassed stewards could only point to a little-known clause in the state racing commission rules, intended to promote Florida breeding, which hands homebreds a five-pound advantage.

The Cowes Regatta, where many a royal yacht has raced, may have a red tinge this year. Three Russian naval officers, somewhat under the impression that it was a rowing regatta, offered to send oarsmen. Major A. M. Fitzpatrick-Robertson, Cowes Council chairman, agreed it might be done, as in times past, assured the Russians they'd be welcome no matter what they came in—warships, yachts or shells. He found "the three chaps . . . most congenial, most appreciative, and most un-iron curtain."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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The need for immediate and continuing action was outlined to the diners by Conrad L. Wirth, Director of the National Park Service. When the mission is completed, he said, "it is predicted that 80 million visitors will be descending upon these recreational areas and unless determined action is taken without delay to prepare for this influx, irreparable damage will be done to the priceless natural resources of our park system."

Mr. Wirth was speaking of the kind of danger which creeps up on a country unawares. Now, thanks to elk steaks and roast buffalo, Congress knows about it. SI lifts a glass of cider punch to Mission 66 and, from time to time, will report on its progress.

NO PLACE TO HIDE

THE UPPER CRUST of the International Boxing Guild, which is very crusty indeed, has from time to time sought to allay the heat by proclaiming that it is a labor union. If it were, the Guild would enjoy legal immunities and very likely could have prevented Julius Helfand's action in outlawing it. No one, however, has taken too seriously the concept of fight managers as members of the working class.

But lately the heat has been simply terrible and, with a federal antitrust action following close on Helfand's edict, the Guild decided to tuck itself under labor's protective wing in fact as well as in fancy. Jack (Doc) Kearns, one of the Guild's founding fathers, was seen several times in earnest huddles with George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO. Finally, Leo Miller, Chicago labor lawyer, announced that the Guild would indeed seek a charter in the AFL-CIO.

This was brought to the attention of Mr. Meany in Miami, where the AFL-CIO executive council has been holding its winter meeting. Yes, Mr. Meany said, he had talked with Kearns several times "as old friends would." Would the Guild get a union charter, then?

"Over my dead body," Mr. Meany said.

CLASS: WORKING CATS

THE WORKING CLASS at dog shows has nothing to do with Karl Marx. It is a division that honors Malemutes and collies, Saint Bernards and Rottweilers and all such breeds as were developed to work for a living rather

than spend their days chasing the fox or sitting on ladies' laps.

The cat fancy never has gone in for this sort of thing. There are, for instance, no sporting cats entered at cat shows though cats are well known to be fond of bird hunting. Until just recently there had been no working cats. But at the Memphis and Mid-South Cat Fanciers Club show there were six working cats entered, as against 160 of other varieties. The others were common show types like Siamese, Persians and Manx.

The working cats, chosen because their owners regard them as exceptional mousers, included Black Vulcan, entry of the Vulcan Iron Works, who is not only a mouser but a cricketer. He lives next door to a cricket ranch (the man raises them for fish bait) and spends many a happy hour catching and eating crickets.

His most outstanding rival was Georgette, who lives in the pressroom of the *Memphis Press-Scimitar* and *Commercial Appeal*. Georgette not only catches mice. From time to time she catches a rat and brings it to the pressmen who feed her from their lunches. The pressmen do not appreciate this. It was, in fact, some members of the *Press-Scimitar* editorial staff who entered Georgette as a silver tabby. They backed down on that after giving Georgette a bath. She turned out to be a sort of brown mackerel color and what looked like silver was just printer's ink.

To test the cats' working abilities a maze was constructed of wood and



chicken wire. Each cat was permitted to sniff at four frightened little pet mice at one end of the maze, then taken to the other end and induced to enter it. The cat that got through in the shortest time would be the winner, though a disappointed one. He was not allowed to catch the mice.

First cat away was Cavalier, entry of the Zephyr Awning & Products Company, which makes awnings and products. Cavalier took his own sweet time—two minutes. Georgette was next.

She sniffed the mice and was put into the maze. The excitement, the flash of photographers' bulbs, the buzz of the crowd—none of these bothered Georgette, who lives among the roaring presses. She eased through

the first opening, looked about, went straight through the second, darted through the third, stopped to get her bearings before going through the fourth, stuck her head into a cul-de-sac but backed out immediately and then went on through the fifth and sixth openings without hesitation. She finished breathing easily. Time 1:48.

Black Vulcan just sat in the maze, refusing to do anything. After two minutes he was removed. Camshaft's Flywheel (H&H Stamping Company entry) got confused and was removed at 3:16. Calico (of Anderson-Mulkins Antiques) quit like a dog. She looked like a winner, then went back to the start and stopped. Smoky Joe (Memphis Steam Plant) just wouldn't start.

Georgette was the winner of a large silver platter, biggest trophy in the show, but she was not the most distinguished cat in the show. That honor went to Tortiman of Galusha, a very rare male tortoise-shell domestic short-hair who is potent. It seems that the odds against a male tortoise-shell domestic short-hair being potent are about 1 to 1,000.

The most frightened animal in the show was a mouse, one of the five originally brought to the show to entice the cats through the maze. He escaped, and if there is anything worse for a mouse than to escape into the thick of 160 cats, you name it.

SOVIET TROTTERS ABROAD

SO FAR, in their campaign to conquer the world of sport, the Russians have been so thorough, so steeped in certainty (and so successful) that they have been deprived of one of sport's great lessons: that the best laid plans of mice and men, etc. It is now possible to report, however, that this grievous oversight has been at least partially corrected: almost at the moment that the Soviet Minister of Sport, Nikolai Romanov, was exulting over Russia's Olympic victory at Cortina, a group of his countrymen—who had gone to Paris to prove that the U.S.S.R. has the best trotting horses in Europe—were discovering that plans and pronouncements are not always enough.

The U.S.S.R. made no bones about its reason for entering horses in big-time international competition. "If we came to Paris," said Michel Kalentar, director of Moscow's Hippodrome, "it is because we believe we have a good chance of winning." The Russians spared no pains in preparing victory: they obtained seven railway cars for

their six best trotters, loaded 15 aulkies, two tons of Russian oats, two tons of Russian hay, half a ton of Russian corn, 200 pounds of sugar (the horses get a pound a day) and 500 bottles of Russian mineral water.

Europe's railway systems, however, heaved the expedition from the first; the Soviet horsemen expected to get their steeds to Paris in three days. It took seven. They were halted for five hours at the Polish border, were 48 hours late at Hanover, and from then on fell farther and farther behind schedule. At Jeumont, on the French frontier, the Russians asked French customs officials for permission to take the horses out of their cars and exercise them a little; the French, with a bureaucratic disdain that even a Russian border guard would envy, refused. It was, they whinnied, against regulations.

The Russians had hoped to run their horses against Gélinothe, queen of French trotters; Gay Noon, a Swedish 7-year-old; Scotch-Harbor, an Italian-owned horse, and other top European standard breeds in the 12-million-franc Prix d'Amerique. They arrived at Vincennes track (five miles from Paris) so belatedly that the stiffened horses were not even entered. The race was won by Gélinothe. All the following week, however, the Russian horses were worked briskly. Grooms wearing astrakhan fur bonnets were on hand to lead them from the stables. Their drivers seemed prepared for every eventuality—they even had silvery plastic overalls to protect them from mud. But in the 5-million-franc Prix de France, none of the Russian entries placed among the first six. Again, France's Gélinothe was the winner.

Last week the Russians stubbornly went on predicting victory in the next big Sunday race—the Prix de Paris. "Perhaps," said Spokesman Kalenter, "it was the change of climate. Maybe it was the different shape of the Vincennes track which was responsible for our defeat. Our horses are not accustomed to race in packs of 19 and 20—in the Soviet Union there are seldom more than seven or eight participants. We are confident we will do better next Sunday."

But last Sunday the Russian trotters got badly beaten all over again; this time a simpler, if more heretical, explanation for defeat, finally seemed to dawn on their drivers and trainers—that Gélinothe (the winner), Gay Noon (which was second) and two other French horses (which were third and fourth) might just be able to run faster than the trotters from the U.S.S.R.

PADEMONIUM AT HARRINGAY

BRITONS REGARD their system of boxing control, though not their boxers, as among the world's finest. It is a system which rests ultimate authority in a self-appointed, self-perpetuating group of men who are amateurs of the sport—the British Boxing Board of Control. The board has no legal authority but its prestige is such that the professionals—promoters, managers, fighters—accept it voluntarily as the supreme court of British boxing.

The supreme court now has a case on its hands. Kid Gavilan, who has been jobbed before but deserves better in



these, his declining years, lost a decision the other night at Harringay Arena, London, to Peter Waterman, a likely young fighter who paints in the Churchillian manner, enjoys ballet, reads Homer and likes to discuss the nuances of James Thurber's humor. Waterman also likes to take his breakfast in bed from an elegant, raffia-wrapped tray—quite *moderée*—while fondling an equally elegant Persian cat. And what's more, his manager is named Jarvis Astaire.

Well, The Keed, a raffish type if there ever was one, toyed with this

charming esthete for a couple of rounds, then moved in with a familiar, oldtime grin and proceeded to clobber the Homer out of him. Gavilan slapped a hat, to be sure, as he always does, but he punched too, and at the end of the fight there were few among the sell-out crowd of 11,000 who did not believe that Gavilan had won, and handily, giving Waterman his first defeat in 31 bouts. The press row was unanimously for Gavilan.

But not the referee. Paunchy Ben Green waddled over to Waterman and raised his hand.

For 10 minutes there was wild, indignant tumult in the arena. A bottle, some apple cores and an orange were flung into the ring, where Gavilan stood shaking his head and smiling wryly the while his manager, Señor Yamal Chade, screaming above the hoots and boos, alternately tore at his hair and beat the canvas with his hands. Eventually, Chade had to be restrained from punching anyone who came near him.

What tore it for the British fans was that since last November, when Canadian James J. Parker was awarded only a draw with clearly beaten Ewart Potgieter, they have been subjected to a succession of weird decisions. On the previous Saturday, Belfast fans, a fortnight lot, hurled chairs and other missiles into the ring, injuring several persons, in protest against a decision which took the British featherweight

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"You should have seen the one that got away, Martha. He was this hog."

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title from Billy Kelly, an Irishman, and gave it to Charlie Hill, a Scot.

Referee Green was up before the boxing board the day after the Gavilan fight but was given until Washington's Birthday to prepare an explanation of his decision which, under British rules, is the referee's responsibility.

Waterman, who had gone into the fight a 6-4 favorite, at first claimed loftily that he had won, but after reading his press notices he concluded gloomily that he might better have lost. He and Gavilan watched a film of the fight, then appeared on television together. Gavilan said he would like a return match and Waterman said he would too, if it ran 15 rounds or more. Gavilan had shown signs of tiring by the 10th.

There was talk for a time that American boxers could no longer be induced to fight in Britain, in view of recent decisions. But Archie Moore, scheduled to defend his light heavyweight title against Yolande Pompey on March 13, said he would go through with the fight and was sure of getting a fair shake. Besides, he expects to win by a knockout.

SANDLOT ON THE RHINE

THE BALTIMORE Orioles can leave no baseball diamond unwatched in their search for new talent but when they sent Scout Rex Greaves to Europe to look over the GI leagues no one expected him to come back with two German boys who had learned the game by watching American soldiers play.

But he did, and two promising rookie brothers, Claus and Hanjorg Helmig, are on their way to the Oriole training camp at Scottsdale, Arizona, to show their stuff for Manager Paul Richards and then, very likely, find a niche in Class C or D baseball. From there, perhaps, the major leagues.

Claus is 20, a right-handed pitcher and outfielder. Hanjorg, 17, is a southpaw pitcher who bats right and can doable at first base. They speak English well, having learned it the way they learned baseball—by emulating GIs stationed at Mannheim on the Rhine.

"I've been dreaming about becoming a major leaguer right since I saw my first game in '49," says Hanjorg, with a steady, earnest glint in his blue-gray eyes. "It has been my first ambition. And whatever I say about this goes for my brother, too."

"Baltimore," says Claus, "is a young ball club. I want to be in on that growth. I want to be part of it. That goes for my brother, too."

The boys sought out Scout Greaves in Frankfurt last fall after learning from a hallplaying GI that he was in the area. Next time he went through Mannheim he had the boys throw, bat and field for him. He timed their runs to first base, took some movies and sent these back to Paul Richards. He took another look at them in December and last January 20 signed them to a contract, \$300 a month each for the regular playing season. His scouting report:

"Hanjorg has amazingly good form, and his whip is really alive. His coordi-



HEAD WORK

*The skier won the race hands down,
You'll note the phrase, I hope;
His head's across the finish line,
His skis are up the slope.*

—IRWEN L. STEIN

nation on the mound is as good as any 17-year-old kid I ever saw, or care to see. He comes off the mound nice and low with a full follow-through. He throws every pitch in the book from a knuckle curve to a crossfire, and he knows where the plate is.

"The older boy [Claus] showed me a fast ball that a lot of boys aren't throwing these days. When I say this kid has a fast one. I want to give you an idea of what I mean. I have a pretty good recollection of Don Larsen's fast ball the year he came up to the majors. This right-hander's fast ball is right along in there with Larsen's. You can check me on this when you see him. I say he can slam it in there."

There were obstacles in the way of the Helmigs when they tried to learn baseball. Their soccer-playing German

friends gave them little encouragement. German fields were filled with soccer and field hockey players. But GI ball park groundskeepers sometimes let the German boys play at dusk, after the soldiers were through. And they could not legally buy equipment—there's a government rule against selling or giving bats and balls to the German populace. The boys became expert at shagging fouls hit into the stands. They picked up cracked bats and nailed or taped them together. Torn, discarded gloves were sewed.

They played a mixture of baseball because they did not know the rules.

"I remember," says Hanjorg, "we didn't know you had to tag up after a fly ball was caught before you could run."

Then, at the America House library in Mannheim, they discovered a book called *Major League Baseball*, by Mel Allen, the announcer. Hanjorg memorized it and pretty soon he was an announcer himself. He had organized a team, the Knights, as other German boys had done, and during their games Hanjorg would explain to the German audience what was going on.

GIs made Claus a catcher and let both boys run the scoreboard. The boys' idol during their learning years was Ernie Banks, stationed as a GI at Mannheim in 1951 and 1952. Intently they studied every move the Chicago Cubs infielder made at the plate or afield. When the Air Force ran a "baseball clinic" at Munich in 1954, the Mannheim GIs let the boys tag along. And Air Force Major Jack Glynn, who once played outfield for the now defunct Newark Bears, held a little clinic of his own at Mannheim.

The boys learned a lot and all over Germany other boys—in Munich, Marburg, Frankfurt, Heidelberg, Wiesbaden—were learning, too. There are seven teams in the German Amateur Baseball Federation. The Mannheim Knights, with three American GI dependents on the team, won the federation championships in 1954 but next year the federation decided Americans couldn't play in the championships.

Last year Hanjorg batted .350 and as a pitcher won seven games, lost two. Claus, the firehopper, doesn't remember his batting average but he won 18, lost two.

"Some of my friends can't understand what I see in the game," Hanjorg says. "They are soccer fans like I am, too, but they don't like baseball. . . . Baseball is very exciting. They'd like it too, if they knew the rules. It is very graceful."

'GOODBY, MR. MACK'

Connie Mack was born six months before the battle of Gettysburg. He was managing a major league club before Babe Ruth was born and he was still managing one after Babe Ruth died. When death came to him last week at 91 he was an American legend. The respect and affection that surrounded him were never better revealed than in the following story, which appeared in the second issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. The scene was the dugout of Yankee Stadium in August, 1954. The occasion was an oldtimers' game.

CORNIE MACK is very old now—91—and as fragile and delicate as a cloisonné vase. He sees and hears, but sometimes not so quickly as he did years ago when the Philadelphia Athletics were a baseball team and he managed them to nine pennants and five world championships.

He came into the dugout long after the rest of the oldtimers and sat down alone on the dugout bench, his hard straw hat in his lap. The oldtimers were posing for pictures along the front of the dugout, their big meaty backs to the old man. He sat all alone, very old and all alone.

Then the ballplayers began to notice him and one by one they came over to greet him. He would put out his shrunk-on arm to shake hands, and peer inquiringly into each face. And the old stars, accustomed to being recognized and hailed by name, shook hands and gently introduced themselves.

"Rogers Hornsby, Mr. Mack. It's good to see you again."

"Joe DiMaggio, Mr. Mack. It's good to see you."

"Paul Waner, Mr. Mack."

"Bill Dickey, Mr. Mack."

"Frank Frisch, Mr. Mack. How are you, sir?"

Al Simmons, big and heavy and gray, and not well enough to play in the game, shook hands.

"It's Al Simmons, Mr. Mack," he said. "Gee, it's good to see you again, Mr. Mack."

When Mack was introduced on the public address system, Al Simmons took his arm and helped him as he walked into the bright sunlight. Halfway to home plate Mack stopped, turned to the crowd and waved his hard straw hat, holding it high.



CORNELIUS MCGILLICUDDY: 1862-1956

He sat in the dugout during the game, talking to old Cy Young and to Casey Stengel. When the white-haired Lefty Grove came into the dugout after the first inning he crooked his left arm at Mack and said, "Give me a rub-down, Connie." And the two old men, Mack and Young, delightedly kneaded Grove's arm for a moment or two.

Before the oldtimers' game was over, Mack's chauffeur came for him. Al Simmons helped the old man to his feet and said goodby. "It certainly

was good to see you again, Mr. Mack."

Mack nodded and said goodby. The chauffeur began to lead him along the dugout floor toward the steps, but Mack paused to shake hands with two or three players sitting on the bench. Joe DiMaggio saw Mack approaching and sat up straight. He took off his cap before he shook hands with the old man.

"Goodby, Mr. Mack," he said.

He did not put his cap back on until the old man had gone. **END**



TORCHY TORRANCE & HIS POSITION

Seattle's No. 1 booster and Washington football's leading sugar daddy appeared on TV and radio last Sunday night to describe himself to the city he loves. He also told of the Greater Washington Advertising Fund, which he uses to pay football players, and how it works. Some excerpts:

"I do not select the players. That's entirely in the department of the coaching staff and the athletic department. After recommendations are given to the coach . . . our job is to go and try to get them. That's my job at the University of Washington, and it's a well-appointed job in some respects and an inherited job in other respects. My first indication, or my first assignment, was way back in 1921, and I have been working off and on to help the university ever since. . . .

"I am not completely in control of anything . . . but I do most of the work. I spend, I would imagine, two or three

months out of the 12 on this activity. Sometimes it takes all day, sometimes it takes two or three hours. . . . I have never spent less than \$1,500 of my own money each year in this particular program. Do you want me to sit here and agree with you that we should let just anybody, the average student, take over the football and athletic situation at the university? Don't you appreciate that we all want to be superior in everything we do? We want to be the ultimate . . . the top. We want to be the winner. . . .

"Are the University of Washington officials aware of our recruiting activity? Why, of course. . . . They've heard rumors, and they know that there must be some help from some place, as does every conference, school and every other university primarily in the country of any consequence. . . .

"I am terribly proud of the years I have spent in helping the university. . . ."

BOOSTERS

LIKE the tall timber and snow-capped Mt. Rainier and Boeing airplanes and the icy blue waters of Puget Sound, football is a source of deep pride in the Great Northwest. Seattle and a goodly part of the state of Washington tingle when the Huskies have a good team—and there is something particularly exhilarating about beating the collegiate brethren from California who hug the national publicity and practically monopolize the Rose Bowl. It really does something for the old ego to give the Californians (well, the whole country, for that matter) their comeuppance on the gridiron.

By last week the hoister zeal with which Seattle and the state of Washington have pursued these cheerful goals had led to a classic public uproar. The regents of the University of Washington were meeting behind locked doors; the front pages of Seattle papers, along with the local TV, were ablaze with charges and countercharges; Greater Seattle Inc. was issuing a proclamation; one University of Washington official resigned and others were shaky. In fact, everyone in the Northwest who cared a whit was in turmoil because Washington's football coach had had a spat with his players. And been fired for it. And started talking.

The coach was John (Cowboy) Cheneberg, himself a onetime Washington football star in the early '30s, and the gist of his complaint was this: the men who run the secret slush fund that pays his players extracurricular salaries had used their checkbook to turn his players against him. At the end of the season more than 30 of them joined in an organized revolt, and he was given the gate by the university.

Good football players, to put it mildly, are not easy to come by. A good team can cost \$5,000 a month or more in scholarships and campus-job payments, and, when that isn't sufficient, special inducements such as convertibles and free trips home and vacation jobs and even jobs for the players'

MESS IT UP IN WASHINGTON

The football fortunes of the Huskies mean a lot to Seattle and to Torchy Torrance, the city's hustling builder-upper. A report on how he almost loved his favorite team to death

wives. Football players, if they are smart enough to learn a fake reverse, understand their own value and are quick to capitalize on it.

No one knows this better than Roscoe C. Torrance, until this year president of Greater Seattle Inc. and a really remarkable booster in a city of boosters. Since his undergraduate days at Washington, "Torchy" Torrance, a carrot-topped little dynamo who was a .300-hitting second baseman on the college team and president of the Big W club in his senior year, has been all for the Huskies. Right after graduation in 1923 he started working for better football as assistant graduate manager, and he doesn't mind admitting that he helped build the Rose Bowl teams of 1924 and 1926. Nowadays Torchy is Mr. Football around Seattle, and it was he that much of the conversation concerned last week.

So that good football players may enjoy the advantages of a Washington education, Torchy Torrance runs the Greater Washington Advertising Fund, which, as he tells it, is used "primarily for transportation costs, entertainment and expenses for prospective athletes." Once Torchy explained: "It's a fact of life that a kid can't be a college athlete and make it through school if he's in any need at all without outside help, and that's why there's a fund like ours at almost every other university."

Torchy's fund is a big one—it has run in the past anywhere from \$20,000 to \$75,000—and he runs it pretty much as he pleases. Mostly the contributions come from 70 or 80 Seattle big and little businessmen, labor leaders, doctors, lawyers and others interested in civic betterment, who contributed checks ranging upward from \$50. Now and then Torchy sees a chance to make an extra pile for the

fund, such as an exhibition pro football game last summer between the New York Giants and the San Francisco 49ers. He talked the teams into coming to Seattle. He sold the directors of Greater Seattle Inc. on the idea of sponsoring the show. He persuaded the university regents to lend their 55,500-seat stadium (normally restricted to college events) for 15% of the gate.

It was a whopping success. Each team made \$36,586; the Associated Students of the University of Washington received \$28,461 for stadium rental and management fees; Greater Seattle Inc. turned a profit of \$7,021. After taxes, there was \$28,000 left over, so Torchy, by previous agreement with Greater Seattle Inc., tucked it

continued on next page



BROODING COACH Johnny Chelberg squats on the sidelines during a game to study the shifting fortunes of his team that was shortly to rebel against his strictness.

MESS IN WASHINGTON

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into the treasury of the Greater Washington Advertising Fund, the purse he uses to pay Husky athletes.

Everyone, particularly university and state officials, seemed very surprised with this piece of information when it was finally published. No one pretended there was anything dishonest about it. They just seemed surprised that what had passed for an event to greet Seattle—and a professional sports event at that—was helping put amateur football players through the local college. No doubt if they had been told about it in advance, they would have been perfectly happy. Hearing about it later was something of a shock.

When Cowboy Cherberg started to talk—first in some interviews with the *Seattle Times*, then on a city-wide television show and afterward in more interviews with reporters—his verbosity infected a lot of other tongues. All the wagging tongues eventually unfolded a tale that tended to strip some of the protective glamour off big-time football when college supporters and local boosters let their enthusiasm for victory run away with them.

Some of the most jarring pieces of testimony came from the players themselves, who have been restricted to tuition and \$75-100 a month (in payment for campus jobs) by Pacific Coast Conference regulations. One star who

had refused to join the revolt against Cherberg told his story like this: "Another school had offered me more money than Washington, but the deal in Seattle appealed to me for other reasons."

"From the time I got here a cashier's check for \$56—over and above the regular allowance—began coming by mail to the house every month. Although it didn't carry his signature, I knew it was coming from Torchy Torrance, and I heard right quick that, if and when I ran into money trouble, Torchy was the man to see. At the time, the regular allowance was only \$75 a month. With room, board, books and social life all to come out of that, it wasn't easy. I gathered the thing to do was to call Mr. Torrance and say 'Torchy, I'm in trouble and need some help.'"

"At Easter, I wanted to arrange for one of the two holiday trips that I'd been promised for each year. Torchy told me a one-way ticket would be waiting for me to pick up at the airport, and that when I was ready to start back to Seattle I should write him and he'd arrange for a return ticket to be waiting at the airport. And that was just the way it worked."

"But when I started my sophomore year, my pay from the fund was cut to \$35 a month. I'd heard of second- and third-stringers who were getting up to \$125 a month, but I was afraid that if I spoke up I'd be cut off altogether. Nevertheless, I went down to see Torchy. He was pretty sorry about it, but he

said, 'I was told that's all you were to get.' By my junior year I'd married and had a baby, and I told Torchy I needed \$300 a month. I didn't see any harm in trying, if you get what I mean. Torchy said, 'Well I can only manage to get you \$60 a month, but I can arrange to get you started off a little.' And he got me a special lump check for \$200. I got a pretty nice break that year when Torchy not only arranged for a trip out for my sister but paid for me and my wife to take a trip home. This past year I've been getting the same \$60 a month, but when I needed a car because of our new baby and had planned to buy a '52, I heard of some of the guys getting a car. Torchy sent me to his son who provided me with an older huggy. He said, 'Try it out and worry about the payments later,' and after a bit the title in my name came to the house by mail."

Another first-string player: I've never been on Torchy's regular payroll, but I certainly knew about it, because when he'd show up in the locker room somebody'd usually say, "That's Torchy, the Goodies Man."

Mostly, I'd just resort to him for favors like free theater tickets or some such. But in the spring of '54, when I ran short of money, I made a deal with him for \$150.

I asked the coach if it was proper to thank Torrance, and he said sure. I did just that and asked Torchy if there was anyone else I should thank. He gave me a funny look and said no, that

BOOSTERING IS TORCHY TORRANCE'S HOBBY



BING CROSBY gets the Torchy celebrity treatment during Seattle golf tournament.



CHARITY DRIVE for March of Dimes finds happy Torchy posing with a buffalo at University Museum.



SEAFAR is Seattle's big mid-summer boating and water festi-

wouldn't be necessary. I was rather dubious at the time; I thought I might have hurt his feelings. It did tee me off sometimes that a selected few of the other guys were making a bundle.

Another first-stranger: I first met Torchy when I was brought up to look over the University of Washington deal. We talked in his car on the campus and he promised me a buddy each an extra \$75 a month if we came. After I came to school and no check arrived, I asked a guy who said, "Call Torchy." I did and from then on the checks came each month, right on time. There were a lot of other special needs that came up where he provided the dough, so I've got no kicks on that score. As far as dough is concerned, I was treated very well as long as I kept on Torchy's right side.

Yet Torchy Torrance is sure of his ground. Says he: "I worked my own way through high school and the university, and I know the problems athletes have. Ninety-five per cent of them are kids from poor families."

"You know how it works out—a lot of people are interested, but try to get them to do the work. Why, I've had to get into things with the kids like accidents and maternity problems and everything else connected with some boy's need for money. When you come to recruiting players, why I've had to make up to 10 suits of two or three hours each to a boy's home."

John Cherberg's philosophy: "Boys actually going to school and maintain-

ing required proficiency in their studies and playing football should not have to work during the college year. Meeting all college scholastic standards, boys with strong backs and quick legs are entitled to use them to get an education. They should be in college for that purpose. Football requires a great deal of a boy's time, and he should be able to devote the hours he must spend on his on-campus job to his studies. This is true for all university students interested in any comparably demanding extracurricular activities."

There was a time when the purple-and-gold uniforms of the Huskies were an ominous sight on Pacific Coast gridirons. During the days of old Gil Dohie (1908-16), when most of the California colleges were playing Rugby, Washington never lost a football game. After World War I, Enoch Bagshaw, a rugged homegrown coach, built a formidable series of teams out of the big youths from his native lumber country. Players like George Wilson and the faded Torsreau heathens (Elmer and Louis) led Washington into the Rose Bowl after the 1925 and 1925 seasons, the golden era of West Coast football. Like Wilson, Washington backs seemed to prefer to run over rather than around anyone brave enough to get in their way. They were then truly the Huskies of football, woodsmen with Bunyanesque reputations for size and durability.

It was symbolic of Washington foot-

ball that home towners considered it risky stuff when the college put turf on the home stadium after the arrival of Coach Jimmy Phelan in 1930; the hides of the home players were so tough they weren't bothered by the sand-and-gravel surface that had sent visiting teams away whining in pain. With the advent of grass there was a long dry spell in Husky football, punctuated by only one Rose Bowl visit—in 1937, when Pitt walloped them 21-0. Not until Hugh McElhenny and Don Heinrich, later to star as pros, brightened up the team in the early 1950s did Husky rooters have anything to sing about, and their cheers were brief. The simple fact was that all the best Western football talent was coming from southern California, where McElhenny was discovered, and Washington wasn't getting its share.

Cowboy John Cherberg stepped into this football void in 1953 with a huge local reputation. From 1930-32 he had been a Husky backfield star, winner in his senior year of the Flaherty Medal as the "most inspirational player." As a high school coach in Seattle, he stepped out and won three championships. Later, as the Husky freshman coach for five years, he won 22 out of 23. When Coach Howard Odell went down the chute after a 7-won 3-lost season, the cry for Cherberg was too loud to be denied. Torchy Torrance and Athletic Director Harvey Cassill and at least one member of the board of regents would

continued on next page



val, so Torchy has to crown the long to get festivities under way.

HORSEBACK riding in fancy dress is a must for western hoopla, and Torchy gives it all his vigor.

BASEBALL pose with Rogers Hornsby is a part of Torchy's role as a team executive.

MESS IN WASHINGTON

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have preferred Backfield Coach Skip Stahley (now at Idaho), but the alumni would not be denied. Cherberg was hired.

Cowboy John is a man who inspires fierce loyalty among his friends. Nonetheless, even by his own appraisal, he is not always an easy man to be with. "I've been told I'm sarcastic, and I admit it," he said recently. "I bore down on the kids during the week so they'd be prepared for the pressure on Saturday. I goaded the kids and I needed them and I demanded discipline. I wanted Saturday to seem like a breeze to them."

"Let's not kid each other, there's not enough discipline anywhere today for modern kids. I think football is the last frontier of discipline."

Like any coach, Cowboy John had his share—perhaps more—of bad luck in his first two years; there were injuries to key players at the worst time, there were vital plays called back for penalties. Yet his real problem was that of most losing coaches—lack of good manpower—and he won only five of his first 20 games. Once, on a trip to Los Angeles to play USC, the Cowboy was visited at a practice session by Jimmy Phelan, his old Husky coach, then in retirement. Phelan watched a while, then said: "Johnny, you better get some hallplayers. You haven't got a guy on that field who is worth a newspaper photographer's time."

This was no news to Cherberg, or to Torrance or any of the other Husky boosters, of whom even faraway southern California has its share. The most active of them in that area—a clique that revolves around Los Angeles—

soon stole some of the cream of the California junior colleges right out from under the noses of such football powers as USC and UCLA.

Among the most notable: Quarterback Al Ferguson, Halfback Credell (Incredible) Green, Fullback Jim Harzryman, Tackle Pat Murphy, End Fred Snyder, Center Benny Hammond.

It was quite a haul, but as Harvey Knox, the ever-watchful father of UCLA's Ronnie and a man who knows the inside-outs of football economics, observed about Washington: "When they want a man, they get him. They dig."

Not the least of Washington's athletic harvest was Jim Sutherland, who coached Ronnie Knox at Santa Monica High School. Originally Sutherland had left Santa Monica to go to the University of California with Ronnie in what the cognoscenti call "a package deal." When Ronnie defected to UCLA, Sutherland remained at Berkeley for another year, frequently criticizing Head Coach Lynn Waldorf's methods to the other coaches. When Washington hired him as an assistant for Cherberg last spring, Sutherland was given an enthusiastic farewell by his fellow coaches at Berkeley. For Washington he represented an attraction and a pipeline to top high school players in southern California.

When the Washington varsity lined up against ineffectual little Idaho last September 17 for an easy opener, it was obvious to anyone who knew the ABC's of football in Seattle that this was the make-or-break year for Cowboy John Cherberg. For the first time he had real talent on the squad. As the game progressed, Cherberg could hardly believe his eyes. The team fumbled 11 times for a new conference record and barely eked out a 14-7 victory. Not until the coaches had studied the game movies did they discover that the center had been snapping the ball a half-count too soon, and some quick detective work revealed that he had done so on the instructions of Jim Sutherland. "I was just trying an experiment," Sutherland explained.

"I wanted to fire Sutherland immediately," says Cherberg, "but Harvey Cassill advised me to wait."

For a while the Huskies seemed to have regained their poise, rolling over Minnesota 30-0 and upsetting powerful USC 7-0. Then followed two mediocre weeks against Baylor and Stanford and finally defeats by Oregon State and inept California. By this time it was obvious something was wrong. "I find out," says Cherberg, "that Lederman



ATHLETIC DIRECTOR Harvey Cassill denied any knowledge of a "slush fund."



EFFIGY of Cassill is hung by students angry at management of the Cherberg case.



REGENTS' CHAIRMAN, Bea Gardner, testifies that fund was a surprise to her.



VICE-PRESIDENT H. P. Everett has just told committee fund was news to him

[Quarterback Sandy Lederman, a demoted first-stringer] is trying to persuade the most promising young quarterback on the squad to leave school. I hounded Lederman off the squad. But I wound up taking him back when Torrance played sweet music on my heart strings by telling me that Lederman would lose his sponsor and he'd be evicted from his home. So I took him back, after he apologized to the squad, but he went right on spreading dissension."

Testifying for Cherberg are three expert witnesses who call Sutherland the main cause of the disorder. A man with a strong drive to be a winning head coach himself, Sutherland is pictured by these observers as a restless No. 2 man. Some of their observations: "Sutherland was strictly a rule-or-um guy, undermining Cherberg all the time."

"He put the hooks into Cherberg every place he could, particularly with the players."

"As a shill for Torrance, Sutherland was perfect. He would confide to second- and third-string players who weren't seeing much action that if he, Sutherland, were head coach, these second-stringers would be properly recognized and would play a lot of football."

Says Jim Sutherland, who last month finally got his first collegiate head coaching assignment, at Washington State College: "I believe I have been made the fall guy in the thing. Any transgression of mine in this football situation was an unwitting, well-meaning thing. I feel that I have been made a scapegoat for a problem that existed before my arrival."

The first explosion came at the end of the season when a group of Huskies marched in to see Torchy Torrance to complain of Johnny Cherberg's coaching (SI, Dec. 5). Torchy passed them along to the athletic director, Harvey Cassill, who passed the complaint to the board of regents, who finally decided to rehire Cherberg with the injunction to "straighten out his differences with his players." Anyone who knew Seattle and Washington football could have told you then that Cowboy Johnny was through. He patched up a peace with most of his players, but he was still out of grace with Cassill and Torrance. What he could not patch up was his 5-4-1 record for 1955.

The ax of dismissal fell on Cherberg on January 27. The next day he started talking, and his righteous indignation was hustling out all over.



HUSKY COACHES in happier days look over a pair of promising young prospects—End Don Terry (19) and Center Doll

Jensen (55). The coaches are (left to right) Bill Marx, John Baker, Don Doll, John Cherberg, Bud Kerr and Jim Sutherland.

"The filthiest thing in the world," he said, "is to corrupt young Americans with dough. I may never coach again, but, God willing, I'm not going to let them corrupt any more kids." Later he added: "I went along, all right—with the full knowledge of my superiors. No coach has any other choice under the unrealistic rules which prevail in the Coast Conference and others like it."

Everyone else around the campus seemed quite stunned at the thought that football players were receiving extracurricular salaries. Said Harvey Cassill: "To the best of my knowledge, no coach or myself has at any time willfully violated the conference rules. . . . Neither I nor any member of my department has had any relationship with any so-called fund."

The president of the university, Henry Schmitz, echoed the denial: "I want to say at once that these suggestions simply are not true." A re-echo came from Vice-President H. P. (Dick) Everest, a former president of the Pacific Coast Conference, who announced: "Were I to receive evidence that any player has been receiving anything like outside monthly payments, I would immediately declare him disqualified for team participation." The board of regents? Said its chairman, Mrs. J. Herbert Gardner, who with her husband, an insurance man, is a long-time friend of Harvey Cassill: "I know nothing about it at all."

But the blast effect of Johnny Cherberg's talk kept spreading out.

The commissioner of the Pacific Coast Conference, Victor O. Schmidt of Los Angeles, dropped in at Seattle on a "routine" visit and held a closed-door meeting with Cherberg's assistant coaches. Inevitably, the Pacific Coast

Conference would have to consider the evidence of the violation of its own rules.

Even the federal government pricked up its official ears. William E. Frank, district director of internal revenue, warned the football players that money from Torrance's fund would have to be reported as income on tax returns.

Torchy Torrance himself, the man who was only doing his best to boost Husky football, seemed stunned by such phrases as "slush fund" and puzzled by his new role as public villain.

Last week, with Washington split wide open, Athletic Director Harvey Cassill sat down and wrote out his resignation: "If it was right for me to separate John Cherberg from his coaching responsibilities—and it was—then I must now resign myself."

Washington was just beginning to face up to the lessons of football zealotry.

"Education in sport," said a voice last October, "aims also at developing in the young the virtues proper to this activity. These are, among others, loyalty that excludes taking refuge in subterfuges, docility and obedience to the wide commands of the director or charged with the training of the team, the spirit of self-renunciation when one has to fade into the background in order that the interests of the team may thereby be furthered, fidelity to obligations undertaken, modesty in victory, serenity in adverse fortune. . . ."

The voice was that of Pope Pius XII, who doesn't follow American football and doesn't know how important it can sometimes be to local pride to have a winning team. Still, it would be well for those who demand a winner occasionally to turn to his words. (END)

OLYMPIC FASHION MEDALISTS

Italian sport furs and tight ski pants made sideline headlines at Cortina



PENSIVE Andy Lawrence models official Alpine hat. She tried unsuccessfully to buy it.



SVELTE spectator in one of many sport fur coats carries matching fur bucket handbag.

VIVACIOUS Florina Grossi of Milan wears white ski pants, lynx-collared fleecy.

The best-dressed spectators and participants at the Winter Olympics were either Italian or inspired by Italian fashions. They dressed with a flair unusual even for winter sports fans—among the most discriminating people in all of sport. They wore white ski pants made of trimly tailored

clausier and combined them with sleek cable-knit V-neck sweaters. They kept warm with beautifully made duffel coats, and used such long-forgotten sports furs as lynx, wolf, seal and sheepskin with a freshness that foretells a major revival of fur for sport in both Europe and America.



VISITING Stanford student, Sheila Blumenthal, totes Chianti in duffel-coat hood.



EYE-CATCHING duffel coat of ermine-like fur is worn by Marina Ebner of Trieste.

TRADITIONAL Alpine sheepskin, slacks, seal-skin mukluks are internationally popular.





TWO YEARS OF TROPHIES

In his last two years of varsity football at Ohio State, All-America Halfback Howard (Hopalong) Cassidy amassed an awesome number of trophies, including the bright-eyed young spaceman below



PROUD OF POP, two-year-old Craig (Scootalong) Cassidy admires array of trophies won by the touchdown talents of his father. The honors include famed Walter Camp Memorial Trophy, Maxwell Trophy and Helmsman Award. Missing from collection, which goes on display next fall, are 12 watches, four letter jackets and at least two other major awards. Scootalong and his father's other trophies were photographed by Dick Garrett of the Columbus Citizen.

BARNIE'S BEAUTIES: BIRDS OF THE EVERGLADES

Ranger Parker, guardian of one of the great bird sanctuaries of America, is an uninhibited individualist who knows many of his charges by their first names

by JOHN O'REILLY

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID GOODNOW



PARKER POINTS OUT SOME OF HIS WILD PETS, AMONG THEM THE WOOD IBIS

DOWN WHERE the Florida peninsula reaches the tropics stands the most luxuriant mangrove forest in the world. Stretching in a wide belt along the west coast to Cape Sable the mangroves attain a height of more than 70 feet, rising in a dark green mass above the impenetrable tangle of their grotesque roots. These aerial roots, like an endless snarl of spider legs, and the leathery texture of the leaves give this mass of primitive trees an eerie beauty.

This jungle and the miles of marshy prairies to the east are favorite haunts of Florida's spectacular bird life. Herons in wide variety, ibises and dozens of other species feed in the Everglades by day and then fly in flocks and files through the dusk to their roosts in the mangroves. The stateliness and beauty of these birds make them one of the main attractions to increasing thousands of visitors to this part of the state. By night the mangrove jungles become the domain of wildcats, raccoons and other prowlers.

Guarding 300,000 acres of this forest and protecting its many forms of wildlife is the duty of Bernie Parker, the ranger of Lostmans River. Bernie has the remotest ranger station in the Everglades National Park. It is his responsibility that the birds—the egret, the pelican and the eagle—carry on their fishing undisturbed. It is his charge that the panther hunts its prey unmolested. It is his care that, when the great loggerhead turtles haul out on the beaches in spring, the digging

of their nests in the sand is not interrupted. Even the moccasin and the rattlesnake must be left alone.

As Bernie sits on the porch of his shack, built on a shellbank thrown up by the '48 hurricane, his front yard is the Gulf of Mexico and his backyard is this mangrove jungle, reaching all the way to the sea of grass that forms the Everglades proper. But Bernie has little time to sit. His duties keep him prowling his territory in a battered outboard motorboat known all along that wild coast as the Green Hornet.

It has been my privilege and delight to spend a week with Bernie, sharing his shark at the mouth of Lostmans River and patrolling with him over hundreds of miles of the rivers and creeks that twist through the mangroves. As a result of this visit I am convinced that Bernie Parker is a remarkable man.

He is 65 years old and as tough as an old mangrove root. He is not afraid of anything, from wildcats to women. He has weathered hurricanes alone and he has pushed the Green Hornet through swamps in the dead of night when his motor broke down. When poachers threatened to kill him he informed them of the terrible risk they were taking—"Somebody else'll go with me"—and they desisted.

A lusty love of food has given Bernie a physique which he describes as "pussie-gutted." His face is a pair of clear blue eyes and a grin standing out from a weathered countenance. His

singing voice is ghastly; he is reputed to have once sung a couple of limbs off a mangrove tree. But in his case the will to sing is more important than the song.

Concerning attire, there are two Bernies. In town or around the park headquarters you see a neat Bernie in a ranger's uniform, necktie and stiff-brimmed hat. But once afloat in the Green Hornet the uniform has been replaced by dungarees and an old boatman's cap. The store teeth have disappeared and in their place is a chew of tobacco. I like the tobacco-chewing Bernie best. The tobacco seems to bring out the flavor of the man.

I met Bernie at the Coot Bay Ranger Station, reached by the only road that penetrates the park. The Everglades National Park, dedicated by

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A PORTFOLIO IN COLOR

There is a rare treat to David Goodnow's photographs of birds in the Everglades which appear on the following eight pages. Few sanctuaries in the world can boast of the beauty and variety of wild fowl that can be found here; and seldom have they been pictured so successfully in color in their natural surroundings, without props or artificial lighting, free and untrammeled, like the roseate spoonbill shown on the opposite page. And for the bird lovers who want to see them as these pictures show them, Horace Button details the Everglades bird tours on page 39.





BROWN PELICANS are the clowns of the Florida bird world and provide a constant source of entertainment to visitors to this subtropical peninsula. Whether they are fighting for a

fish, sneezing solemnly in the mangroves or using their long awkward beaks to preen their plumage, these troopers of coastal areas seem to maintain a comic dignity at all times.



AMERICAN EGRET, caught in odd pose *enright*, manages to maintain the regal bearing of the heron family even while drying its feathers. This species and the smaller snowy egret were once brought to the verge of extinction by plume hunters but are now familiar sights again.

ANHINGA is the mystery bird of the mangrove swamps. It seems to be as much at home under water as it is in the air. In Florida it is called a snakebird, because it often swims with its body just beneath the surface of the water, making its neck look like a periscope.





WHEN NOT PURSUING FISH WITH THEIR SPEARLIKE BEAKS, ANHINGAS LIKE TO ROOST IN LOW TREES OR BUSHES.



AT THE SLIGHTEST ALARM, HOWEVER, THEY WILL PLUMMET INTO THE WATER AND DISAPPEAR LIKE DIVING DECKS



LITTLE BLUE HERON looks like a figure in a Japanese print, as it poses motionless in a Florida swamp. In juvenile plumage these birds are pure white and are often mistaken for the snowy egret. After the breeding season they wander northward in great numbers.



WOOD IBIS is considered to be the only true American stork. Often called flint-heads in Florida, these ungainly birds gather in large rookeries which contain thousands of nests. When in flight they hold their legs and necks outstretched as they soar against the bright blue sky.



PURPLE GALLINULE, a feathered jewel of the marshes leads an odd life, stalking about on top of lily pads and other plants in search of frogs,

snails and other morsels to eat. When first seen it gives the impression of being a nervous bird, for as it walks it constantly flicks its stubby tail.





SNOWY EGRET has all the poise and stateliness of the heron tribe, although it is small. Its identification marks are the yellow feet contrasting with the black legs. When it is in full nuptial

plumage the bird has an airy quality that makes it one of the most beautiful of the herons. Under protection, the snowy egret has increased and occasionally visits the Northeast in summer.

EVERGLADES

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President Truman in 1947, is the newest and third largest in the national park system. It comprises almost a million and a half acres of the southern tip of Florida and is exceeded in area only by Yellowstone National Park and Mount McKinley National Park in Alaska.

Loading our grub and gasoline aboard a work boat we set off, towing the Green Hornet astern. Barnie bridled the Hornet so she rode the billowing wake without yawing. Passing through the Coot Bay Canal we headed into that labyrinth of island-dotted bays and crooked streams which Barnie Parker knows better than any other living man.

After a trip of five hours we rode into the mouth of Lostmans River with the tide. Our greeting committee was a dozen brown pelicans sitting in comical solemnity on a small tree rising above the water.

"Hiya, boys," Barnie called. As the boat slowed to maneuver the channel a little blue heron flapped across the river. A kingfisher clattered shrilly as it flew along the bank; cormorants became airborne and mullets shone silvery in the afternoon sunlight as they leaped from the water. On a tall, dead tree to the right sat a bald eagle. Barnie explained that something had happened to the eagle's mate and now he just stays around.

We unloaded our gear, but before we could take it up to the house Barnie had to look for various signs to learn if anybody had been there during his absence. When he was satisfied that his castle had not been invaded we carried our stuff up to the house.

The house was a one-room and screened-porch shack perched on seven-foot posts rising out of the shellbank. There was a bed, a kitchen in one corner, a gas refrigerator and a table. On the porch were two cots and a short-wave radio for communicating with other ranger stations and with headquarters. The shack stood in a grove of Australian pines and about it were young coconut palms, a key lime tree, hibiscus and other tropical plants.

As Barnie stowed the provisions his arm brushed against a bucket which clattered to the floor. As he picked it up he said, "What the hell did you do that for, bucket?" Later when he was out watering his plants I watched him douse a fledgling coconut palm and overheard him say, "Now go ahead and grow, little plant."

Through these and subsequent one-sided conversations I learned that while living alone for so many years Barnie has developed the habit of talking to the things about him, not only the animals but inanimate objects as well. This usually takes the form of swearing at them. He denounces raccoons, turtles and wildcats in strong terms, but at the same time it is plain that he loves the recipients of his invective. He is one of the few men I've known who can swear tenderly.

When the Green Hornet would pass a huge alligator sunning on the bank, Barnie would slow the boat and say, "Why, you ugly-lookin' old so-and-so, you. What in the hell makes you so lazy?" Up near the head of Rogers River Barnie made friends with a nine-foot alligator, which he called Charlie. When patrolling in that section he would take a mullet along for Charlie. The huge saurian would come to his call and Barnie would toss him the mullet. The man and the reptile became friends and Charlie would swim along behind the Green Hornet for long distances.

One day Charlie failed to come at the ranger's call. Barnie found the alligator's hacked and mutilated carcass where the animal had crawled out on the bank to die. Barnie figures that somebody mistook Charlie's friendliness for an attack and killed him.

"I've never tried to make pets of any of these 'gators since," he said, and then added, "I'd like to meet the man who did it."

A TERRIFIC RACKET

We turned in soon after the sun had dropped into the Gulf of Mexico. I was sleeping drearily on the porch when I was awakened by a terrific racket out in front of the shack. In my startled condition it seemed that the Calusa Indians had come back to life and were raiding the ranger station. But as my mind cleared I realized that the predominant note in the racket was sawing. In fact, the night air around the shack had become deep blue.

It developed that the bedlam was just a part of Barnie's running feud with raccoons. The 'coons raid the station under cover of night. When Barnie is away they tear a hole in his screen door and abscond with his groceries. This time they had discovered a tin paul in which had been some fish scraps. The 'coons had been kicking the bucket around and banging it against a

bench, so the ranger was unable to sleep. When the nocturnal gang had been dispersed Barnie went back to bed muttering threats against the whole 'coon tribe.

"Why the hell can't they be nice and quiet like wildcats and panthers," I heard him grumble.

The next day we took the first of a series of trips through Barnie's domain, typical of regular patrols. He averages 1,200 miles a month by boat. Our craft, of course, was the Green Hornet, a stocky outboard skiff painted green and brown like the mangroves through which it travels. The hull is of heavy plastic and is scarred by collisions with stumps and roots that would stave in a lesser boat.

On these trips we moved up the big tidal rivers—Lostmans, Rogers, the Broad and the Harney. Leaving the rivers we followed winding creeks and crossed wide bays. Sometimes we kept on up the watercourses until they grew small. The mangroves, lovers of salt water, dwindled in size and finally disappeared altogether. Then we would be gliding between banks covered with thick sawgrass. By standing up in the boat we could look across the endless grass dotted by clumps of trees, called hammocks or cypress heads. This was the Everglades, a watery plain like no other part of the United States.

I liked these trips up the small streams best. As we passed through the transition zone from salt to fresh water the country changed steadily. The water, dyed brown by the tannic acid of the mangrove roots, became clearer and clearer until we could see snook, mullet and mangrove snappers darting from beneath the boat. Alligators eight to 10 feet long sunned themselves on the grassy banks and received their usual admonitions from Barnie. While watching one huge 'gator Barnie said, "Looks like old Charlie." There was a long pause and then he added, "Wish it was old Charlie."

On these trips wild ducks rose ahead of us in small clouds and there were always the herons—the great blue, the little blue, the Louisiana, the little green—and American and snowy egrets, which are the trademark of this national park.

On one trip Barnie steered the Green Hornet for 12 miles through Woods River, one of the weirdest streams in America. It was so narrow that the mangroves, festooned with air plants and wild orchids, met in a green tangle overhead. As the boat turned and twisted we had to duck beneath low

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EVERGLADES

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branches. Anhingas, those odd birds with the long, snakey necks, threw themselves from their perches into the water and disappeared. Beyond was always a flock of assorted herons, and countless tarpons rolled ahead of us.

Just after we emerged from Woods River into a wider stream we spotted something light in color on the water ahead. It turned out to be a big Florida diamondback rattlesnake. The creature seemed to have inflated itself, for it swam high on the water like a balloon snake.

"Riddle 'em high, isn't he?" Bernie said, and I gathered from the fact that he didn't swear that this was one animal of which he is not fond. One bit him while he was patrolling and he treated himself for the bite.

"Didn't get a good bite," Bernie said. "Had to go through my boot."

In the evenings, as we sat on the porch, the ranger recalled incidents in his solitary life that had left impressions. There was the time he rescued two baby manatees, or sea cows, from a pool in which they had been stranded by the dropping tide. There were the wildcats that stalk the beaches at both ends of the day and the times he had sighted panthers. There was his discovery that by sprinkling dog repellent on the sand over turtle nests he could prevent the coons from digging up the eggs.

"There's one little strip of beach down the line where the turtle nests are so thick that each turtle that comes ashore has to have a chart and a map so she can find a place to dig hers," he said. "And when the little turtles hatch out they scurry into the gulf by the hundreds."

When questioned about himself Bernie was more reticent. Once I asked him where he was born.

"Osceola County," he answered.

"Yes, but what town?"

He hesitated and then said, "Well, Kussimsee was the nearest town. I was born out in the woods on an old stump." From other sources I learned that he had passed most of his life outdoors. He punched cattle on the Kussimsee Prairie and in the early days he ran a river steamer freight-ing citrus fruit down the St. Johns River. He operated one of the first packing houses in Florida and for a time he was a deputy sheriff and the only law south of the Tamiami Trail.

Since 1940 he has guarded the wild-

life of this southwest coast as a warden with the state, the United States Fish and Wildlife Service and the National Audubon Society. When the region became a national park in 1947 it was obvious that Bernie had to become a ranger because no one knew the country as he did. Also he couldn't leave his birds, his wildcats and his alligators. During the past 15 years he has won the respect of everybody who visits that coast, from naturalists to poachers.

But as we sat in the darkness on the porch Bernie kept talking about the animals: the deer that come to the shell-hank on which his shack stands, the bear signs he sees; the rookeries where the herons nest and the great white pelicans that come to Lostmans River in the fall.

As he talked there was a glow in the sky to the east caused by the lights of

Miami on the other side of the Florida peninsula. That is one of the odd things about this national park. We were in a wilderness with no human habitation within 20 miles yet there were the lights of the big, East Coast city.

Now this newest of the American national parks is being developed for greater public use. A large recreation center with a motel, docks, restaurants and all kinds of camping and boating facilities is being constructed so that all sorts of Americans—naturalists, fishermen, vacationists and just plain old tourists—can share in the wildlife riches of this unique region. When they come I hope every one of them will be able to meet Bernie Parker, the ranger of Lostmans River. It will do them good, for Bernie is as much a part of the park as any of the things he watches over.

END



How to find your favorite birds, how much it costs, how long it takes: the Audubon Society shows you with its

EVERGLADES TOURS

by HORACE SUTTON

WITH a fleet of station wagons and three powerboats, the National Audubon Society is operating five different tours which probe the flatlands, the marshlands and the waterways of south Florida in search of many of the birds shown in David Goodnow's striking photographs on the previous pages. Most Audubon tours cost \$25 for two-day trips, just over half that for one-day trips. Meals and lodging are extra.

One may, for example, in the term of one long day, depart Miami by Audubon station wagon, a uniformed guide at the wheel, and drive south to Everglades National Park. About eight miles from Homestead, along Route 27, the naturalists have built a boardwalk, known as Anhinga Trail, which stretches over a slough—a marshland of water, lily pads and birds. Purple gallinules, American egrets and snowy egrets, Louisiana herons and great blue herons stalk the slough, and the snake-like heads of the anhingas ripple the water there. Alligators lie in the solum of the shore, disturbing their siesta only to make lunch of a garfish which is sometimes incautious enough to leap with feebly exhilaration through the sunlit Florida air.

In the afternoon the station wagon rolls south to Tavernier below Key Largo, where the society's 30-foot cruiser is based. With Audubon Guide Ed Rowell at the helm and Bill Jerr on the glasses, the other day, we skimmed out into Florida Bay, a great sun-washed catch basin of islands, sand bars and birds perched between the southern tip of Florida and the string of keys. Bill Jerr was on the glasses when a lady watcher said to him, "What's that, Bill?"

"That's a box."

"No, I mean in front."

"Oh, wait a minute, wait a minute. . . . There's a reddish egret for you."

Every glass on the boat was turned on the egret now. He paraded like a guard at Buckingham Palace.

"There's my reddish egret," a lady said, with the satisfaction of a matron whose husband has at last come up

with the mink. "I was dying to get a reddish egret."

We crossed a shallow channel, which the Audubon navigators had gouged with their ships last year, and floated into a soft milky green pond ringed by a circle of mangrove keys. Young spoonbills, not yet pink, were white splotches in the green bush. Their bright pink elders were soaring in circles round the key. A snowy egret glided overhead, with a little blue heron as his wingman, and a fat pelican sailed a small lagoon like a sightseeing boat steaming around Manhattan.

A TWO-DAY TOUR

The two-day tours include the Florida Bay excursion and begin and end in Tavernier. By far the easiest arrangement for those coming south by train or plane is to arrange with Couture Motors of Miami to have a car available at the airport or depot. You can drive it yourself the 65 miles to the Key Haven Motel at Tavernier, the Audubon base. Parking facilities are available at the motel for your car while you ride the station wagon, the first day, over the Overseas Highway to Sugarloaf Key. From there the twin 30-foot cruisers sail out into the spits and sand bars in search of the Wurdemann, the strange bird whose true origin is unknown. On the day I took the trip we were 3½ minutes out of the dock when we had one spotted—an extraordinary type with a body resembling that of a great blue heron and the pure white head and crest of a white heron. Ornithologists are still not sure whether the Wurdemann is a hybrid or a product of recessive genes in great white herons. A mission from Harvard has been down on the Keys trying to figure it out.

Birds of the northern Everglades and those that live on the fringes of Kissimmee Prairie can be seen on Audubon's overland safaris along the southern shores of Lake Okechobee. A two-day excursion, it can be picked up in West Palm Beach or in Fort Lauderdale. The Palm Beach trips are conducted by

continued on next page

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EVERGLADES TOURS

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Miss Ann LaBastille, who is 22, a 1955 graduate of Cornell (majoring in wildlife management), and who is the only woman Audubon tour leader in the country. From her long blonde tresses, her white teeth and her handsome features, the most myopic bird watcher would have no trouble identifying her as a smooth-skinned, yellow-crowned campus beauty. However, Miss LaBastille, who was a Conover model at 14, not only identifies birds while driving relentlessly across roadless flatlands but also changes tires, climbs trees to capture botanical specimens, wears sun-tan shirt and trousers and packs a machete.

THE SWEETEST AND THE FINEST

Her trip, which I joined in West Palm Beach, travels via Belle Glade, Bean City and Bare Beach to Clewiston, a tiny town built around the United States Sugar Company's installations and known in an exquisite domain of double-enders as America's Sweetest Town. Overnight headquarters are in the air-conditioned Clewiston Inn, built by the sugar people and known in an apt bit of single ender as the Finest Small Hotel South. Aside from the Audubon tours, the Clewiston Inn is also a center for sportsmen who fish Lake Okeechobee for largemouth bass, and hunt in the fall for things like Florida mallard and wild turkey.

Miss LaBastille's thrice-weekly forays (and the Fort Lauderdale-based tour as well) usually produce the strange cattle egret, which feeds on insects turned up by cows' hoofs. We found coots, white egrets, red-shouldered hawks and mourning doves, rib-leaved crows and great American egrets which share the drinking water of Fishhatching Creek, where the fish-eating Calusa Indians lived before the Seminoles came down from the north; and, up in a live oak tree, a Carolina silk spider was trapping bugs in his four-inch net, busier than a shortstop behind a tiring pitcher.

Before heading back to West Palm Beach on the second day, our little group stopped for a last picnic in a cypress grove at the edge of Fishhatching Creek. Drowsing on the grass we could see the soft blue winter's sky through the lace of Spanish moss that was stitched among the tree tops. And the cypress glens were green with the shoots of new iris soon to turn purple with the rage of spring.

(END)

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Horses east and west are readying for an exciting year. Here SI's expert reports from California on

SWAPS & CO.

by WHITNEY TOWER

IT WAS inevitable—for better or worse—that the major early racing news of 1956 would center around the doings of two fine colts who haven't started a race in months. At Hialeah the talk is of Nashua who may be expected to open his 4-year-old season in this week's Widener. At Santa Anita these days the big question is simply: "What's wrong with Swaps?"

Nobody has to be reminded that Swaps's last start was his losing match race against Nashua last August. Nor should it have to be repeated that Swaps subsequently underwent surgery for a recurring injury to his right forefoot, and that only a few weeks ago his trainer, Miah Tenney, pronounced the pride of the West perfectly sound and ready to return to the races. What has happened since then could be enough to stir up a few twinges of disbelief even among the most loyal Swaps supporters. Yes, Swaps is working again—but for exercise only, and getting him to the races is developing into a tougher job than making the grade at Tiffany's after hours.

The Swaps case, as one might imagine, has quite a few Californians pretty well worked up. In fact, one rumor making the rounds last week had it that Swaps would never race again. Just about the only people utterly unconcerned over what they hear or read are the two people who should know more about the problem than anyone else—Swaps's owner Rex Ellsworth and Trainer Tenney. Their verdict: "Swaps is sound and certainly not headed for an early retirement."

"I want to make it absolutely clear that the foot is not injured," said Tenney one morning last week. "It is a little tender, that's all. We had to withdraw him from two races we wanted to run him in before the Santa Anita Handicap, but only as a precautionary move. It means we are retarding his training a few days, and I will admit that it may be pretty difficult to bring him up in time for the Handicap [February 25]. I'd like to run him at a mile and a sixteenth on the 17th, but in the end it will be only Swaps himself who

will indicate to us when he's ready for competition."

Tenney stepped inside Swaps's stall, lifted his colt's right forefoot and began scraping it gently. "You see," he said, "in the operation we performed last September we cut out a small part in the infected area of the sole of the hoof. It healed well, but certain parts became slightly tender when Swaps began exercising again. I can best explain it with a comparison to a human being. Say a man who is accustomed to heavy pick-and-shovel work needs surgery on the palm of his hand. In time the hand heals, but when that man goes back to his pick the hand is going to be tender for a while. If he puts a Band-Aid on a blister you wouldn't say he was injured, would you? No, you'd say he's protecting a tender area until it toughens up again. Well, that's what we've done with Swaps. We've put back his special leather pad merely as a protective cushion."

Tenney, as has always been the habit of the West's most publicized trainer, speaks with simple directness and, on the subject of Swaps's training, expresses a thoroughness of purpose comparable to that shown by the Russians in preparing for the Olympic Games. As he rode behind a set of the Ellsworth 3-year-olds toward the track

early one morning, he felt talkative. "There's no point in making excuses for Swaps or any of our horses. Of course I don't like to bring Swaps up to the Handicap with less than 90 days of training. If we get him up to it, he'll have had about 80 days, which, even under ideal conditions, is not enough time. But I feel I know what the horse can do when he's right. He's won before after light work, and he's won before with the leather pad on."

If Swaps's workouts will play the major role in determining his future plans, so will they, to a large extent, decide the prospects of another meeting with Nashua. "I am constantly being asked," said Tenney, "whether I want to race Nashua again and to what extent we will go looking for Nashua. Well, I'd really like to set the record straight once and for all. As for the match race in Chicago, it's over and done with. As far as I'm concerned the score between Nashua and Swaps is one win for each horse. But let's look at it from a realistic point of view. I suppose you couldn't find a tougher horse in the country for us to go looking for than Nashua, and it doesn't take a very smart person to realize that Swaps, when he's right, can go to a lot of places in this country to compete for big purses without going out of his way to tackle Nashua."

"It is true that we've nominated Swaps for a handicap in Florida [Gulfstream Park Handicap on March 17], and I understand Nashua is nominated for it too. That's fine, but if we do take the stable to Gulfstream it will be as part of a campaign to get in some eastern racing for the whole stable rather than to point specifically for Nashua. However, if both horses appear headed

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"This is a stickup!"

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for the same race, we'll welcome the chance to meet Nashua again."

One of the best commentators I have yet heard of in this whole Nashua-Swaps business was made at Santa Anita the other afternoon by Frank E. (Jimmy) Kilroe, a professional horseman who knows what he's talking about. "For my money," said Jimmy, "both horses have been given so much publicity that they have been falsely classified as superanimals. Public acclaim, which may be a fine thing and all that, should never serve to magnify the merits of a race horse. The true merit can be judged only by results and not solely on the results of 3-year-old form. I don't see how either Swaps or Nashua can be acclaimed as great until, as members of the handicap division, they can give away weight and beat horses of all ages."

Jimmy Kilroe, by way of introduction, is quite a man of distinction. He is racing secretary and handicapper at the four New York tracks as well as at Santa Anita. Now any racing man who can work the summer in New York and the winter in California and retain all the while appropriate allegiances to both states is certainly in line for eventual immortality. Jimmy, in fact, was in line for a scalping when he first hit Santa Anita this winter, for when both Nashua and Swaps were originally nominated for the Santa Anita Handicap, Kilroe locked himself in his office and came to the shaky conclusion that it was proper to weight Nashua at 130 pounds and Swaps at 129. Until Nashua was declared out of the race Kilroe had a distinctly pale look about him.

More recently, however, he has been flying the flag of a born diplomat. The other day, for instance, he said, "I wouldn't want to get into a Nashua-Swaps argument—not, at least, until the end of the season. But if you want to judge them on the score of meeting older horses in 1955, just remember that when Nashua tried it in the Sysonby he was beaten, and that when Swaps tried it in the Californian he won."

This sort of tact could qualify Jimmy for a job with the U.N. any time he wants it. As a matter of fact, he's getting so expert at speaking with impartiality that last week, no sooner had he said with an air of complete confidence, "The best 3-year-olds are in the East and the pickings are pretty thin in California," then he added hurriedly, "but on the other hand the best older horses—except for Nashua,

Social Outcast, Sailor and Switch On—are on the grounds at Santa Anita." Even as he spoke one of them, Mister Gus, came down in front to win the San Antonio Handicap over a good field which included Honeys Alibi, Bohby Brocato, Porterhouse and Rejected.

Both handicap and 3-year-old divisions will come into clearer focus in the next two months, but, as Kilroe points out, unless something startling develops at Santa Anita before mid-March, the leading Kentucky Derby candidates are at Hialeah or working out in Kentucky and in the Carolinas. But something startling could happen at Santa Anita, and if it does the group most likely to be responsible is the Ellsworth-Tenney combine, who have in their barn what may be the best of a crop of western 3-year-olds which I can only describe as fairly ordinary. The invasion of Florida and the East—if it materializes at all—would give Ellsworth and Tenney the opportunity to cash in on some of the rich 3-year-old stakes, including, in addition to the Triple Crown events, such fixtures as the Florida Derby and possibly the Wood Memorial. A year ago Swaps was nominated for the Kentucky Derby only, and Tenney is not making the same mistake again. "This time we'll nominate for everything and then hope

we have the horses to do the job."

A week ago Tenney saddled three of the Ellsworth 3-year-olds in the San Vicente Handicap, a stake which Swaps won a year ago. All three, like Swaps, are sons of Khaled, and one of them, Terrang, won it although he hardly resembled a world beater in doing so. The other two, Like Magic and Airide, were well out of the money. Like Magic is a full brother to Swaps, and, despite a record which is, to date, quite undistinguished, Tenney is in no way ready to give up on him. "He is at the moment both awkward and overgrown," says Tenney, "but he's slowly learning. Terrang, on the other hand, is about medium sized. He's long-bodied and has extremely neat, clean action. Airide is more like Terrang than Like Magic, and he's the sort that could develop nicely in a month or so. It's a little difficult to estimate our 3-year-old chances right now, but after the Santa Anita Derby [March 3] we should know more about them as well as more about our Kentucky Derby chances. Swaps, remember, wasn't in the least impressive at this time last season, and even when he won the Santa Anita Derby he hardly looked as though he could win the Kentucky Derby. That he could go on to win it is a perfect example of how quickly form can change."

END



If all boxing needs is good fights, the IBC would do well to promote some instead of sponsoring such burlesques as the

HURRICANE FOLLIES

by MARTIN KANE

NOT SINCE Kingfish Levinsky played stooge to the lady who was both his sister and second have fight fans seen the comic like of Hurricane Jackson, who is not so much a hurricane as an annoying little dust devil. Now, by the law of the ring ratings system, Hurricane Jackson stands in the No. 2 spot as challenger to Rocky Marciano. He rose to this high status by defeating tire-waisted Bob Baker, an amiable and feckless man who was, up to the night he drifted into Hurricane's dizzy orbit, the No. 2 man himself. Baker, a weight lifter by trade and natural propensities, got there because he beat Nino Valdes in what the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president) ballyhooed as the start of an elimination tournament to find an opponent for Rocky.

Well, now they've got one. The IBC stands hoist by its own canard. Rocky Marciano is a proper champion, worthy of respect, if only by reason of the unrelenting abuse he deals out to opponents, and Archie Moore, who is No. 1 on the challenger list, is a fighter of years and high competence. What then? Are these our honored great to have their noses tweaked by the upstart

Hurricane, a parvenu of no higher talent than that of a burlesque comedian with a rhinestone in his putty nose? The chances are that not even the IBC would dare offer such a clownish opera even if Marciano or Moore would consent to the insult and the meager purse it would command.

So, while it seems likely that no noble noses will be pulled, the situation does cry for a stalwart now standing in the wings of the light heavyweight division to stride forth and restore order and dignity to boxing by belting Hurricane Jackson back where he belongs. A match between Floyd Patterson and Jackson would be a service to fist fighting. Television has more than enough comedians.

The situation in the heavyweight division at this moment demands a number of matches to light the way to a meaningful championship bout in June or September. Now that the IBC has conducted an elimination tournament which has eliminated all the contestants, it is morally obligated, if one may say so without snickering, to correct the present unhealthy situation, ripe with strange odors, in the heavyweight division. There are competent

fighters around who have not yet had bids to enter the IBC's invitational tournament.

First among contenders is Archie Moore, whose fight with Marciano was one of the most satisfying heavyweight bouts in years. Common justice requires that if anyone is to meet Marciano before the Brockton strongbox decides that unemployment is his permanently fated lot, the contender should be required to eliminate Moore first. And the logical choice for such a task is Patterson.

Not, however, immediately. Patterson needs to be shown to the populace again now that he has put on weight and is ready to work in the heavyweight division. Before meeting either Marciano or Moore he should—and it could be a profitable progression—meet Jackson, Johnny Holman, Willie Pastano and, if the lad continues to show as well as he has done recently, that up-and-possibly-coming slugger, Johnny Summerlin of Detroit, who is now only No. 7 but has the look of eagles in his eye.

THE TWO-EDGED SWORD

Matches like these would be hard to arrange—managers, matchmakers and promoters being what they are—but they would provide the fans with heavyweight fare of a richer protein content than has been theirs since the Moore-Marciano fight in September, the last heavyweight meeting of any real consequence. Every time someone investigates boxing, the investigated parties sing an old tune: "There's nothing wrong with boxing that a few good fights wouldn't cure." It is a dandy little saying but it cuts two ways. Those who say it should provide a few good fights.

The Jackson-Baker fight was entertainment on the order of wrestlers performing in a tank filled with herring. It was not a good fight. The Garden crowd (4,300) bought some \$12,000 worth of tickets primarily for the fun of seeing Hurricane perform his 'tween-rounder dances, execute his double uppercut and fluster the staid Mr. Baker with flurries of feather-soft lefts and rights. Mr. Baker wore the puzzled look of a man who finds himself walking constantly into a soggy floor mop. He tried backing away but the floor mop followed relentlessly. In the 10th round he got real mad at the mop and slammed it around. But by then it was too late. It was good low-comedy fun but, to repeat, it was not a good fight and it did nothing to clarify the muddled heavyweight situation. (END)



"Oluk hasn't been the same since he found that catalog from Abercrombie and Fitch."

TIP FROM THE TOP



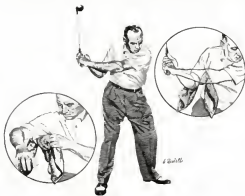
especially for beginners
and high-handicap golfers

from **PALMER MAPLES**, *Benvenue Country Club, Rocky Mount, N. C.*

It's been my experience that it is not beneficial to point out all his faults to a golfer but to try to isolate a key error he is making. If we can correct that one, we usually correct at the same time a good many subsidiary faults that spring from that major error.

Very often, assuming that a golfer's grip and stance are correct, where a good many players seem to go wrong fundamentally is turning the control of the swing over to the right hand and arm from the beginning of the stroke. I have long made it a point to suggest to my pupils that they spend some time on the practice fairway working on a tip I learned about a long time ago and still consider a first-class antidote for this particular error. What you do is take a towel, tie a knot in the middle of it and stick the knot under your right armpit. To keep the towel from falling to the ground as you move into your backswing, you must keep that right elbow fairly snugly against your right side. When you do this—and this is the point—your left arm and side have to take the club back. This is what they should do, of course.

This tip yields a golfer two other dividends. It helps you to develop a wide arc to your swing. It also builds the kind of action where your right arm and side are in an ideal position to swing through the ball as you enter the hitting area on the downswing.



The action without the towel

NEXT WEEK'S PRO: BYRON NELSON ON GOING BACK

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HOT WORDS AT HAPPY KNOLL

As the new season begins, an altercation at the bar involves the Old Guard, the Fair Deal, caddies, and especially Old Ned

by JOHN P. MARQUAND

Correspondence between Mr. Roger Horlick of the Board of Governors of the Happy Knoll Country Club and Mr. Albert Magill, president emeritus, regarding a Saturday afternoon incident in the men's bar:

Dear Albert:

I am writing to you today on behalf of the Board of Governors of the Happy Knoll Country Club to enlist your advice on a problem of discipline that confronts us. You will probably have guessed already that I am referring to the physical collision which occurred between two of our members, Mr. Oscar J. Beight and Mr. George Plankton, in the men's bar last Saturday at the end of a card-playing afternoon. Bridge, as you have often said, more frequently than not arouses ill feelings when the players begin reviewing intentions of the bidding at the bar. It is true from what we gather that Mr. Beight and Mr. Plankton had been partners in a disastrous rubber, but their argument in the bar concerned golf and seemingly ended on an ideological note. I have learned that Mr. Beight, whom I have never met personally, customarily refers to himself as a Jeffersonian Fair Dealer. Whereas George Plankton, as we all know, is the president of the Plankton Bushing and Wire Company and has just returned from Washington where he had attended some sort of Senate investigation. This will explain the existence

of strained nerves and tension, but I know what you are going to say.

You are going to say, why should the Happy Knoll Board of Governors project itself into an immature dispute? These are times, you are going to say, of high spirits and frayed patience, especially with the hesitation that is now occurring in the stock mar-

HAPPY KNOLL FACES

In this issue, for the first time, some of Happy Knoll's best-known characters appear, so to speak, in person. Artist Joe Kaufman, in close collaboration with John P. Marquand, their creator, has conjured them up—Old Ned (opposite), and on the following page, Roger Horlick, Benny Muldoon and others.

ket. You will also add that there have been other crises at Happy Knoll, in the men's bar and elsewhere, that have been solved without resort to official action. We have not yet forgotten at one of the Saturday dances only last summer that the Jeffers boy bit the Henty boy's ear, and then of course there was the scratching in the ladies' locker room after the August Four Ball. You might very well say that forgive and forget has ever been a motto at Happy Knoll.

I only hope we can apply it in the

present case, and as a move in that direction I have questioned a number of people who were in the bar last Saturday, including Old Ned, who says it was his fault, that he just did not get moving fast enough. Both the members, he says, were gentlemen to the end, but he also adds that boys will be boys and girls will be girls at the end of a rainy Saturday. I wish we could leave it all on this note, but unfortunately both Mr. Plankton and Mr. Beight have submitted letters of complaint. They have been asked to withdraw these letters and they have both refused. We hope very much that you will advise us in this matter and thus for your information I am sending you both the Beight and Plankton letters. As you might expect, they run to cross purposes, but each has its own appeal.

Sincerely,
Roger Horlick

(Letter from Mr. Oscar J. Beight to the Board of Governors of the Happy Knoll Country Club.)

Gentlemen:

I hope it is needless to say that I have learned with regret that a contretemps which occurred between myself and a fellow member of the Happy Knoll Country Club, Mr. George Plankton, has already become common property in this community and is approaching the dimensions of scandal.

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OLD RED HIMSELF POURS ONE OF HIS CONTROVERSIAL DRINKS AS "FRIGHTENED NYMPH" RECLINES IN BACKGROUND



ROGER HORLICK

The most severely tried member of the Board of Governors, he is the man who gets the big and little problems; and he, in turn, passes them on to Albert Magill.



ALICIA BLEDSOE

A well-stocked member of Happy Knoll's younger set, Allie, like all her generation, is constantly seeking security. Diligent in this, she creates problems.



HUGO LASSITER

A disappointment. A big man in the ad game, he was counted on to help relieve the deficit. Instead he pinches pennies and uses four towels after showering.

"Happy Knollers," Bob Lawton once wrote to a prospective member who was being wooed by Hard Hollow, "are like the Three Musketeers—all for one and one for all."



BENNY MULDOON

Benny is the golf pro, and he is a problem, too. He won a tournament once, and he feels he's worth more money. So does his wife: "After all, Fleck beat Hogan!"



BOB LAWTON

The cloud on the Old Guard's horizon. Here is progress personified. Streamline the club; redecorate the bar; get the girls in on things more. In a word, decaolify.



ALBERT MAGILL

President emeritus and Court of Last Resort, Mr. Magill's chief preoccupation is answering Roger Horlick's letters and ducking efforts to give him the deficit.

HAPPY KNOLL

continued from page 46

Feeling myself in no wise to blame for this state of affairs and being a married man and the father of two small children, I am sending this letter as an explanation but not as an apology. I realize, of course, that Happy Knoll purports to be a democracy and may be so in certain respects, but in a democracy a divergence of opinion should be permitted without a resort to fisticuffs and abusive language. Though a comparatively recent member and one who is not known to any of your gentlemen, I maintain that I still have a right to a courteous expression of opinion in the bar of the Happy Knoll Country Club, or anywhere else, nor do I believe I am of a quarrelsome or contentious disposition.

It is said that my dispute with Mr. Plankton arose over a game of bridge. This is not the case, although Mr. Plankton and I met at the bridge table. Frankly, being a somewhat recent member, I have never joined in a Saturday bridge game at your club and should not have on this occasion if I had not returned home from Washington that morning to find that Mrs. Beight and the children had gone to spend the day with her mother. Consequently, I went to the club for a sandwich and later entered the card room by accident. I must say that I was treated cordially and Mr. Plankton asked if he had not seen me in Washington the day before. I answered that he had, in Committee Room 213, where I had gone on the invitation of the committee's lawyer. Mr. Plankton made some remark that it was not a committee hearing but a star-chamber procedure.

"They as good as put a midget on my knee," he said. "How would you like to play some bridge?"

I only go into these details to show that there was no hard feeling between myself and Mr. Plankton. On the contrary, I admired his sportsmanship. I regret we neither of us understood the other's bidding. As a result, we both lost more heavily than was necessary, but we neither of us reproached the other and eventually adjourned to the men's bar for a drink. I offered to purchase a drink for Mr. Plankton and he bought me one in return. Yet I must assure you that there was no overindulgence, although your barker, to whom Mr. Plankton introduced me, a salty old character who said I must return there often, was perhaps some-

what overgenerous with his measuring. "Aren't you new around here?" Mr. Plankton asked me.

I told him I'd only come to the neighborhood since the change in administration in Washington.

"You mean," Mr. Plankton asked me, "that you were in Government under the Truman Administration?"

I told him that I had been and that I considered Mr. Truman a modern Andrew Jackson.

"I don't agree with you," Mr. Plankton said, "but I will buy you another drink."

It seemed to me that this was an excellent means of passing off this situation and it seemed only fair to buy him another in return.

I merely go into these details to prove that our conversation was amiable, with a display of good will on both sides.

"I guess I saw you on the golf course last summer, didn't I?" Mr. Plankton said.

UNCOMFORTABLE CHATTER

I told him that I played occasionally. Frankly, gentlemen, I am interested in golf in spite of the fact that it is a sport indulged in by individuals who are so far to the right politically that their chatter in the locker room has often made me uncomfortable.

"Didn't you find the caddie situation terrible?" Mr. Plankton asked. "It's been the worst I've ever known it. Somehow kids don't seem to enjoy caddying any more at Happy Knoll."

I told him that I have never hired a caddie on general principles but always keep a folding golf cart in back of my car.

"If there weren't any golf carts, there would be more caddies," Mr. Plankton said. "What's the matter with hiring a caddie?"

Since the conversation had been most friendly, there seemed to be no harm in expressing my opinion. Also several other members had gathered around us and were listening with friendly interest.

Frankly, gentlemen, I have long taken a deep interest in the democratic potentialities of the game of golf. The number of persons now being introduced to it by our rapidly spreading municipal golf courses is to me a constant delight. Also, intending no ill will to certain entrenched individuals, it has seemed to me on the whole fortunate that the financial affairs of many golf clubs are now at such a low ebb that their grounds are now open to passing motorists. The country club,

if it is to survive, in my opinion, must be a democratic institution and this intermingling of golf enthusiasts from other places is fast becoming another Canterbury Tale. I wished, I said, that I were a Chaucer so that I could put it into verse.

I observed at this point that the group around us had grown larger and I was not offended when my views were not accepted with complete agreement by everyone.

"O.K.," Mr. Plankton said, "golf is becoming democratic, but why don't you like caddies?"

I saw no harm in telling him that caddies were to me an embarrassing archaic survival.

"You're right on that one," Mr. Plankton said, "they get more embarrassing every year. They snifle and talk and whisper, and pretty soon they'll be organized by the CIO, but how do you keep your head down if you don't use a caddie?"

It may have been at this point, gentlemen, that I warmed unduly to the subject by saying that if I could not keep my head down without child labor and exploitation, I should rather keep it up. And then I added that the very name "caddie" is one of derision and servile contempt, since the term is obviously derived, as I told Mr. Plankton, from the word "cad" meaning "low fellow." I did not care, I told him, to pay for the privilege of being administered to by a little cad, nor should any American boy since the Roosevelt revolution, in my opinion, be subjected to such a degradation.

My recollections from this point on are not as clear as they might be, due to the confused discussion that followed. Finally Mr. Plankton tapped me on the chest and shouted that I was a parlor pink and called me a "cadet." I told him that this was no time for name calling, and at this point Mr. Plankton gave me a push, repeating the word "cadet," and I was obliged to cling to him in order to maintain my balance. Nevertheless, it appears that we both must have lost our balance almost simultaneously in that we were both helped up from the floor, and nothing further eventuated, except that Mr. Plankton again repeated the word "cadet," which, if I am not mistaken, is a contemptuous expression of social inferiority.

This is the whole incident, gentlemen, told, I trust, without bias or rancor, though it is my opinion that Mr. Plankton behaved with the arrogance of a right-wing industrialist, which of

continued on next page

HAPPY KNOLL

continued from page 49

course he is. In spite of his connection with the Plankton Bushing and Wire Company, I believe your committee should ask him to apologize to me. If you do not agree, I shall be obliged to tender you my resignation from the Happy Knoll Country Club.

I am, gentlemen,

Yours respectfully,
Oscar Beight

(Letter from Mr. George Plankton to the Board of Governors of the Happy Knoll Country Club.)

Gentlemen:

As the head of an industry that is obliged to deal constantly with the AFL-CIO and who has to submit himself to annual investigations in Washington, I am fully aware that we have reached what is known by enthusiasts as "the age of the common man," but I have never been compelled to face this fact at the Happy Knoll Country Club until last Saturday afternoon. Mark you, I am tolerant. I understand as well as any of you gentlemen the need for broadening our membership base, but is it necessary to let in Robespierres and Citizen Genets? If this sort of thing continues, you will end by having a guillotine on the first tee and, being an optimist, I do not believe this is necessary in the immediate future.

I am referring, as you doubtless realize, to the scene last Saturday in the men's bar at the Happy Knoll Club when a new member made an aggressive motion toward me which was more than a violent gesture and which I was compelled to counter in self-defense. The man's name is Oscar Beight. I must ask to have him disciplined.

EXCUSABLE IRRITATION

At this point I believe you gentlemen will agree with me when I state that I am known for my good-natured and easygoing disposition. Yesterday afternoon I was cordial and even tolerant of Mr. Beight, although his bridge game is such that I lost \$18 as his partner in half an hour. In spite of excusable irritation, I took him to the bar and offered him a drink when the game was over. It may be that Old Ned behind the bar, who as we all know enjoys testing the capacity of new members, filled Mr. Beight's glass overliberally, but he did exactly the same with mine. The conversation turned to golf and Mr. Beight denounced the system of caddying, calling it child labor and an insult to social conscience. I listened courteously while Mr. Beight bought me another drink, which again was poured by Old Ned. At the fourth drink, which I admit may have been overliberal, Mr. Beight said that the name "caddie" was a menial and insulting word, being derived from the word "cad." I told him in a

quiet and courteous way that he was mistaken, "caddie" is the Scotch pronunciation of the French word *cadet*, brought to Scotland from France by the court of Mary Queen of Scots, meaning "little nobleman." For some reason Mr. Beight became incensed and said he refused to be insulted by being called a "cadet" or a "little nobleman" and he ended by calling me a "tory." At this point he gesticulated so violently that I was obliged to move backward and we both fell to the floor.

I conclude this letter by saying that if Mr. Beight will not apologize to me personally I shall resign as a member of the Happy Knoll Country Club. Incidentally, the Hard Hollow Country Club has invited me several times to become a member.

Respectfully yours,
George Plankton

(Letter to Mr. Roger Horlick of the Board of Governors at the Happy Knoll Country Club, from Mr. Albert Magill, president emeritus.)

Dear Roger:

The letters you have sent me have done much to relieve my mind. You know well how rumor surrounds such an episode as occurred at the men's bar last Saturday. I had heard that Mr. Beight, with whom I am not acquainted, had admitted to being a Communist card-holder and had threatened to organize our caddies into a labor union. I had also heard that Mr. Plankton struck Mr. Beight when Mr. Beight called him a cad. I had also heard that Mr. Beight had thrown Mr. Plankton through the bay window of the bar.

Thus the facts as you present them are reassuring. The difficulty between the gentlemen arose merely over terminology. If they are confronted with each other and the matter explained to them I am sure the difficulty will be over. All that is necessary is to say that if one resigns, both must. This ultimatum always settles these difficulties.

However, I cannot avoid the feeling that the real troublemaker in this scene would appear to have been Old Ned, whose sense of humor has been growing recently. I suggest that he be spoken to firmly and next summer be put in the men's locker room, an action which will be welcomed by various elements at Happy Knoll.

Hoping that this solution will appeal to you and that you will not have to bother me again with such minor problems, I remain

Very sincerely yours,
Albert Magill



"We're almost there, Pierre. Just a little more."

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ringing a doorbell! And because of its simple mechanical design PUSHBUTTON POWERFLITE is safer and surer. This is but one of dozens of Chrysler Corporation "firsts" in the automobile field. Another reason why you can expect more from a Chrysler Corporation car!"

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THE WORLD'S BEST SHARKERS: DOLLY AND BOB DYER

TWO AGAINST THE SHARK

by COLES PHINIZY

AT THE RATE fishing records are now broken, in the next year there should be around four dozen record-size fish pulled from the salt waters of the world. Many of these record fish will be mounted as trophies; some will be measured and dissected by biologists, some will be cleaned by wives who hate fish and some may be fed to cats. The biggest fish of 1956 will probably be a shark large enough to feed a kingdom of cats, and it will probably be caught by Mr. or Mrs. Robert Dyer of Sydney, Australia.

Bob and Dolly Dyer of Sydney each holds seven world records and they now rank as the foremost fishing family in the world. It is doubtful whether any non-Australian will ever better many of the Dyers' records. They are shark specialists, holding between them 12 of the 19 world records for man-eating tiger and white sharks, and just on a fair day when they set no records, the Dyers' catch is apt to range from little 400-pounders to one-ton busters with mouths the size of sewers. The fact that their waters are the sharkiest in the world does not, however, fill the Dyers or any Australian entirely with sporting glee. Almost every year the large sharks also catch a few Australians.

Other than tigers and whites, there are few species of sharks anywhere on which the charge of man-eater can be hung with certainty. In Australian waters, however, three local species—the black whaler, the bronze whaler and the grey nurse—have likewise grimly proved to be killers. When the Dyers throw a slick of blubber oil and whale blood behind their boat to draw in record-size tigers and whites, these local man-eaters also gather. One moment the sea is deep, blue and quiet, then suddenly it comes alive with grey nurses and tiger sharks, whites and whaler sharks—10 and

continued on page 55



ATTRACTED BY FLECKS OF CHUM IN THE WATER, A 600-POUND AUSTRALIAN BRONZE WHALER SHARK HABILY NOSES FLOATING BAIT AND VEERS AWAY



ON LIGHT TACKLE using 15-pound test line, Dolly Dyer can't play a 500-pound shark that stole bait from smaller fish she was after.

LURING A SHARK in close quarters, Dyer studies its size. If it is a "small" shark, 10 feet or less, Dyer usually passes it up and waits for a bigger one.

TUG OF WAR develops between Dyer and a bold whaleshark which lunged out of the water and tried to steal a 25-pound piece of whale meat hanging over the boat's side.



TWO AGAINST THE SHARK

continued from page 42

20 at a time. This hedgepodge mob of sharks makes for an exciting, confusing and rather distinctive sport.

Though they fish only off the Australian coast, the Dyers' fishing in other respects is a joint Australian-American enterprise. One of their two shipmates is a former Rugby player, Ashleigh Todkill; the other is an ex-Baltimorean, Chuck Walker, who used to run hooch from the Bahamas to Miami. The Dyers' 42-foot teak boat is Australian-built, but its name is *Tennessee* because Bob Dyer was born in east Tennessee, caught his first catfish in the Stones River and was first heard outside the hills as a vaudeville entertainer writing *The Death of Floyd Collins* and other bits of hillbilly corn. Dyer went to Australia to see how the corn would do down under. The Australians loved it or, any way, him. In the 1940s, while rising to his present eminence as moderator of three weekly radio shows, Dyer met and married his Australian wife Dolly. For the past four years they have spent most of their free time hunting large sharks.

There are some anglers who claim no shark should be classed with the other deep-sea beauties as a game fish. Bob Dyer usually dismisses such anti-sharkers with a few acid words and a hogan smile. "Every man to his taste," he snorts. "It's tough and shrewd. I like it, and if Ernest Hemingway would come fish with me, he would like it too."

Sharks are indeed a low order of fish, come down from primeval times without evolving much. Big sharks have great strength and appetites, but not enough brains to bear half the malice which adventure writers are forever seeing in their eyes. A shark's eyes actually are most often fixed in a piglike stare, and even at that are not much good. Sharks rely on good senses of smell, but oddly, after a shark has a good noseful, the dim eyes at times seem to take over, the shark stops whatever thinking it may have been doing, grows bolder and tries to eat anything. In one shark stomach fishermen found a packet of shark repellent, and in another, a dozen sting ray barbs. In big sharks, Bob Dyer and other Australians have found wild birds, a variety of dogs (including a Newfoundland), kangaroos, horseshoes, an 18-pound Navy shell, three bottles of beer, a gasoline tin, the contents of a lady's purse and bicycle parts. One busy day a white shark ate away part of Bob Dyer's anchor line.

Such feeding defies logic, but biologists, anglers and spear fishermen are in fair agreement on some basic points. Though no one should bet a leg on it, a single shark may only shop around a swimmer, pick up loose food and leave. As the number of sharks increases, each gets bolder and less discriminating. A mob of sharks behaves like a bargain-counter crowd, snapping up anything.

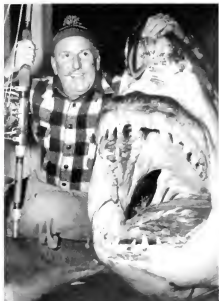
When sharks are mobbing the *Tennessee*, the Dyers can literally drop the bait in the toothy mouth of the shark they want. From this point the contest would be reduced to the usual one of man against fish, if only the rest of the shark mob would go away. The unwanted sharks become real spoilers, and at the peak of action, just who is after what fish and just what each person is doing can change in an instant.

One moment Bob Dyer is playing a tiger while Dolly is in the galley stirring up lunch. In the next moment a 130-pound tiger that will make a nice three-thread record for Dolly shows up. Dolly, who possesses a rather delicate beauty which does not fit the splashing frenzy of shark fishing, then plays a bait out to the tiger from the cabin top. Next thing she knows, a 500-pound whaler shark slams

against the port side and snatches a dangling chunk of whale meat, while on the starboard side Bob Dyer is trying to tug another gobbet away from another raider. Ash Todkill, who previously was over the side, standing on a carcass cutting out the liver to attract even larger sharks, is forced back into the cockpit because a tiger attacking the carcass accidentally hooks itself on a gaff. Mate Chuck Walker is on the port side tying down the flailing tail of a shark that is showering the cockpit with water. A guest aboard steps unwittingly into the slosh of water and blubber and swoops across the deck like a drunk on one roller skate. A large tiger rushes for the small shark Dolly is playing. "Well, fancy this," says Dolly, like a lady finding a fly in her tea, "a big tiger is trying to eat my tiger."

The action wanes, and the sharks slip away. The cockpit looks and smells somewhat like an abattoir. After such action the Dyers may set a record or they may not, for sharking is as freakish as any fishing. Bob Dyer once had a 3,000-pound white shark nearby to gaff. This would have broken the all-tackle record by over 400 pounds. But the great monster did what it is not supposed to do. Like a mako, it came clear from the water, wound up the trace and cut the line. Two years ago Dolly Dyer boated a tiger of about 1,400 pounds, and this would have been the biggest tiger ever taken by man or woman. Dolly spent two hours pummeling the noses of sharks who came in the night to eat her tiger. Ten hours later at the weighing dock the tiger gave birth to 40 little tigers, and the weight loss cost Dolly a record. That certainly is one trick no smarter egg-laying game fish could ever pull.

END



MAN-EATER weighing 4,166 pounds caught by Dyer off Queensland set a state record but was still 470 pounds shy of world mark.

SNOW PATROL

COMPILED BY MORT LUND

FAR WEST

Mo. Head, Ore. Rain changed to snow last weekend, left skiing good. Cars without chains caused traffic jam on access road. Trails between Grouse and Timberline had heavy, tricky cover. At Timberline LS 189, US 184, TD 5, TW 4, CD 700, CW 3,500.

MT. Baker, Wash. Heavy snows left most of area unskiable except for powder experts but Austin Road was patrolled by snow last weekend. Many skiers using long Tyrolean aluminum poles LS 204, TD 22, CW 690.

Stevens Pass, Wash. Area had good skiing but weather closed scenic roads Sunday. LS 138, TD 3 to 4.

Snoqualmie Pass, Wash. Mixed snow and rain made weekend skiing heavy and slow. LS 118 to 128, TD 3, TW 1, CD 350, CW 3,500.

St. Baldy, Calif. Herb's Hollow and Andy's Alley open for first time. Key conditions in Ernie's board caused cancellation of Far West Ski Assn. championships. Renowned ski getting praise for performance as icy going. US 10 to 20, TD 4, TW 4, CD 500, CW 1,350.

Big Bear Lake, Calif. High temperatures have caused snow to get mushy during day. Skiers waxing with Reddi Green and A&T Red to overcome slow conditions. LS 6 to 8, US 12 to 18, TD 0, TW 0, CD 460, CW 3,480.

Sierra Valley, Calif. Spring skiing conditions on upper slopes and open areas. Skiers eating lunches outdoors. Accommodations for week-end nearly booked. LS 48, US 120, TD 6, TW 0, CD 500, CW 3,600.

Edwards, Calif. Clear, crisp weather has kept skiing excellent. Far West junior championships drew 102 entries here. LS 94, US 134, TD 6, TW 0, CD 200, CW 3,000.

Sugar Bowl, Calif. High temperatures have skiing running slopes in short sessions. Alpine Ski Club skiers here Feb. 16. LS 144, US 350, TD 0, TW 0, CD 600, CW 2,200.

WEST

Sun Valley, Idaho. Skiing excellent. Lookout, Easter and Christmas bowls in superb condition. Warm temperatures have set skiers to lunching on restaurant terraces. Instructor Christian Pavonia slated to go to Arlberg-Kandahar March 19-21 at Sestriere, Italy to race his former pupil, triple Olympic Winner Toni Sailer. On Baldy US 26, Roundhouse 64. On Dollar US 25, valley floor 20, TD 0, TW 3.

LS—depth of snow on lower slopes; **US**—depth of snow on upper slopes; **TD**—total snowfall during the week days; **TW**—total snowfall during the weekend; **CD**—crowd during the week; **CW**—crowd during the weekend; **CL**—closed lifts, trails or slopes

Aspen, Colo. Powder snow on all trails, main trail and slopes packed down. SRMSA championships here Feb. 16-19. LS 25 to 34, US 58 to 72, TD 12, TW 12, CD 350, CW 600.

Hidden Valley, Colo. Skiable but weevil for skis to upper slopes run every half hour LS 22 to 25, US 48 to 51, TD 6, TW 10, CW 3,800.

Winter Park, Colo. Excellent skiing all week. Roads leading to area are open, parking, chairs necessary. SRMSA junior championships here Feb. 16-19. LS 31 to 43, US 43 to 53, TD 2, TW 4, CD 1,350, CW 3,150.

Brighton, Utah. Fine powder skiing on Lost Mast Run. Skiing elsewhere excellent. Roads have been kept open in spite of heavy snow during weekend. LS 136, US 156, TD 0, TW 14, CD 2,500 CW 3,000.

Snow King, Wyo. Dry powder skiing over whole mountain. Roads icy, chains needed. LS 32 to 37, US 46 to 52, TD 2, TW 1, CD 500, CW 100.

Big Mt. Mon. Excellent powder over hard frozen base. New 20-passenger snow tractor taking skiers to summit from top of Mt. Lodge and chalet located about for two weeks. LS 11 to 42, US 45 to 72, TD 3, TW 10, CD 183, CW 750.

MIDWEST

Rib Mt., Wis. Cover thin but skiable here last week. Eau Claire was high school ski meet here. LS 6 to 8, US 6, CD 290, CW 1,100.

Rays Mt., Mich. Snowfall during weekend covered bare spots. LS 5 to 10, US 4 to 5, TW 3, CD 175, CW 625.

Coburns, Mich. New snow replaced cover last during midweek thaw. LS 18, US 14, TD 6, TW 4, CD 560, CW 4,350.

Tony Peak, S. Dak. Temperatures in the 40s melted base last weekend. LS 12, US 16, TW 6, CD 150, CW 498.

EAST

Stowe, Vt. All trails good to excellent with the seven turns on the Nose Drive open last weekend for the first time. On Mansfield, plenty of cover. Lord Trail best. On Spruce, Soring best. Narragansett School underwent a new lift. LS 30, US 40, TD 12, TW 6, CD 1,900, CW 3,150.

Mad River Glen, Vt. Powder skiing here topped to cover spots under spring temperatures. LS 30, US 42, TD 6, TW 6, CD 180, CW 2,000.

Mt. Snow, Vt. Skiing excellent with powder

over solid base. Upper slopes are less skied, rainfall more cover snow. During weekend 18 to 20 inches wet on lower lift, snow on upper lift. LS 10 to 30, US 30 to 45, TD 10, TW 2, CD 1,800, CW 5,000.

Big Bromley, Vt. Some rain last weekend, but condition of slopes stayed good. Night skiing inaugurated Wednesday night under new lights on Lord's Prayer. LS 7 to 25, US 7 to 27, TD 26, TW 6, CD 1,250, CW 3,210.

Okemo, Vt. Second weekend of operation has found increased crowds. New Poma lifts running smoothly. LS 13 to 24, US 13 to 24, TD 19, TW 5, CD 150, CW 1,250.

Higback, Vt. Skiing good to excellent with new Poma lift operating daily. Rope tows in use weekends only. LS 7 to 30, US 7 to 30, TD 8, TW 4, CD 100, CW 2,100.

Canon Mt., N.H. Skies excellent trails good. LS 1 to 31, US 4 to 40, TD 3, CD 1,200, CW 3,600. **CL**—Middle Cannon, Handicrabble, Pease's Falls.

Eastern Slopes Region. At Cranmore good to excellent skiing with new powder cover. Edli Hall and Leona Remy, both of Eastern Slope Ski Club, were winners in Gilson Trophy race.

Bulknape, N.H. New snow during week made skiing on Tiger excellent. USEARA junior giant slalom winners were Peaches Lyman of Belknap, Maeha Fletcher of Pico. LS 4, US 8, TD 6, TW 2, CD 350, CW 2,000.

Whiteface Mt., N.Y. All lifts in use last weekend after heavy powder fall. Busk houses at area filled. LS 16 to 30, US 28 to 38, TD 4, TW 4, CD 800, CW 2,500.

Lake Placid, N.Y. All four lifts in area operated at full capacity over weekend. Winter Carnival skiers from Imperial awarded Caroline Draper of Prince Hill, Plover South of Lake Placid. See Bird Master Ski Jump here Feb. 18. LS 12 to 24, US 30 to 38, TD 4, TW 4, CD 2,500, CW 2,200.

Baldwins, N.Y. Skiing good. Slippery conditions on access road last weekend delayed skiers without chains or snow tires. Roads were closed Sunday. LS 10 to 21, US 10 to 21, TD 3, TW 3, CD 430, CW 4,500.

Snow Ridge, N.Y. Above-freezing temperatures during week effort by new snow. Skiers with release bindings using safety straps to prevent runaway skis. LS 15, US 40, TD 10, TW 8, CD 100, CW 3,800.

Old Forge, N.Y. Skiing good with powder on solid base last weekend.

Jiminy Peak, Mass. All trails open last weekend. LS 4 to 12, US 6 to 12, TD 8, TW 0, CW 1,000.

Mt. Tremblant, Que. Skiing excellent. Roads open from Montmorency in spite of repeated snowfalls. LS 20 to 24, US 24 to 32, TD 3, TW 6, CD 1,250, CW 2,250. **CL**—Deser's River, Kankar, Ryan's Run.

Mt. Jasper, Que. All trails and slopes open. LS 25, US 42, TD 12, TW 7, CD 650, CW 1,650.

Laurel Mt., Pa. Area reopened with fair skiing. Skiers ski race won by Rheinholt Line of Cleveland. LS 2 to 6, US 4 to 8, TD 1, TW 1, CD 0, CW 38, **CL**—lower slopes.



SEE RUSCH

SKI TIP

by SEPP RUSCH

President, Mt. Mansfield Co., Inc.

DOWNHILL RACING NEED NOT BE CONFINED TO DAREDEVILS. THERE ARE WAYS OF MAKING IT VALUABLE EXPERIENCE FOR ADVANCED SKIERS

If you like to ski fast, are in good condition and have reached an advanced level of technique, there is no reason why you should not try downhill racing. In fact, there is good reason why you should: it will improve your skiing.

Downhill racing can be dangerous, but so can recreational skiing. It's a question in either case of staying within the limits of your ability and fitness. Don't race out of your class.

A downhill course, unlike a slalom course, may be run many times for practice. Ski

the course slowly at first, noting the location of fast and tricky places. Practice until you find out just how fast you can take these hard spots safely.

Try to memorize the entire course, keeping in mind exactly how you plan to take each turn, where you must check and how you are going to ride each set of bumps. Watch other racers practicing on the trail. You can learn much from their good judgment or lack of it.

Seven-foot-three-inch skis are usually best for downhill, regardless of your size. They

are steadier and faster than a shorter ski.

It is a good idea to use one of the better safety bindings during practice, switching to a racing binding for the race itself. The racing binding gives the firmest possible connection between boot and ski.

Exercise a bit before the start of the race, and take a number of deep breaths while you are readying for the start. During the race, keep your skis as flat as possible for maximum speed, concentrate on breathing steadily and keep your plan of the race firmly in mind.

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

C—clear water; SH—slightly high; FG—fishing good; FF—fishing fair; FP—fishing poor; OG—outlook good; OF—outlook fair; OVG—outlook very good

BLACK BASIN: FLORIDA: Bass over most of state last week raised water levels and stirred bass to fast action in lakes and rivers. Hottest spots reported were Big Lake George near Weirake, Kissimmee River east of Lake Wales, Lake Tarpon northwest of Tampa, Chassahowitzka River north of Tampa, and Lake Harris, all of which should improve steadily from now until midseason, unless cold snap puts bass off feed temporarily.

TENNESSEE: Bass have fishing in Tennessee this week is at Center Hill Lake, where both large- and smallmouth show keen interest in large point-bait bass. Fish taken privately close to bottom in medium-deep waters. Rain last week-end halted falling of levels at Norris, Douglas and other TVA lakes, and Dr. Glenn Gentry, fish commission biologist, believes rising out of lake beds may be beneficial if levels return to normal in near future.

NORTH CAROLINA: Pompano Lake is yielding easy limits of largemouth and a few smallmouth from deep channels on live bait. Last week's bunker: 9 pounds.

MINNESOTA: Lake Clearwater C. N. FG with live bait. OG. Lake Wapigawic T. SEB, FF/G for smallish bass on large minnows. OF.

LOUISIANA: OVG in ponds and lakes throughout southern part of the state; several largemouth in 5-to-8-pound class reported from Cheniere Lake at West Monroe and Black Bayou near Monroe.

STURGEON: WISCONSIN: Sturgeon-spearer Brown covered last Saturday on frozen lakes Winochago, Poygan, Winnebago and Butte des Morts in central Wisconsin, and speared reported good success, with 21-pounder from Lake Poygan topping the list. Season closes March 1 on Winochago, February 28 on other lakes.

STEELHEAD: OREGON: Fishing improved in most coastal streams last week, with best reports from upper rivers, and new rains are needed now to bring in new runs. Best lists at present are Willam, Nettema, Silet, Alsea and Siuslaw rivers; Siuslaw, Elk and Chiloqui rivers are fair to good. Best lures are clatter eggs and cherry bobbers and, in general, 42L.

BOITRAZ COLOMBIA: Best rivers on Vancouver Island are Puntledge, Skeena and Cowichan; on the mainland the Vedder is rapidly hot clearing, and OG. Coquihalla River at Hope has produced some fish, as have Capilano and Seymour rivers, and TF generally, with chance of sharp improvement if new fish move in.

CALIFORNIA: "Bring your own rock and come in middle of week," says tip, as all north coastal streams continue to sizzle after last week's red-hot fishing; even South Fork of Kel, thought to be knocked out for at least a year by floods, is back in production. Best lists are Guadalupe, Matine, Big and Ten Mile rivers, with 14-pounder from Guadalupe top fish of week. Most fish are spent downstreamers, but bright fish are coming in. Surprise spot of week was Putak Creek, tributary of Sacramento, which produced schools of steelhead to 12 pounds on rise, despite silty water. Traffic terrific, warns agent, who says some rivers look like New Year's Day in Pasadena.

WASHINGTON: Fishing generally slow, with rivers low and clear, but last week's warm rains improved outlook. Nookack River, between Highway 99 and Gude Merford, getting heavy workout, with favorite holes Dutchman's Bar, Frog Pond at mouth of Bertrud Creek and The Maples. Skagit River fishing scattered, with fair take at mouth of Dowd May's Slough, holes near Mill Creek Junction and long drift near Hamilton, where new meade bobber is suddenly productive.

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COLON, MICH.



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COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

February 17 through February 26

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 17

Badminton

New England Open tournament, Boston (through Feb. 19).

Basketball

(Leading college games)
Louisville vs. Dayton, Louisville.
St. Mary's vs. San Francisco, St. Mary's, Calif.
(Professionals)
Philadelphia vs. Minnesota & Syracuse vs. New York, Philadelphia.
Fort Wayne vs. Rochester, Fort Wayne.

Boxing

● Gil Turner vs. Gene Fullmer, welterweights, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).

Hockey

Chicago vs. Boston, Chicago.

Shed Dog Racing

New England SDC and International championships, Laconia, N.H. (through Feb. 19).

Tennis

World Tennis Tour, Winston-Salem, N.C.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18

Basketball

(Leading college games)
● Michigan State vs. Illinois, E. Lansing, Mich., 2 p.m., C.S.T. (CBS).
De Paul vs. Kentucky, Chicago Stadium.
Duke vs. Navy, Durham, N.C.
Lafayette vs. Temple, Easton, Pa.
N.C. State vs. Maryland, Raleigh, N.C.
St. Louis vs. Wichita, St. Louis.
Tulane vs. Alabama, New Orleans.
Vanderbilt vs. Tennessee, Nashville.
(Professionals)
● Syracuse vs. Fort Wayne, Syracuse, 3 p.m. (NBC*).

Basketball

Boston vs. Philadelphia, New Haven, Conn.
Rochester vs. Minneapolis, Rochester.

Beledding

Notle A&B or two- & four-man championships, Lake Placid, N.Y. (also Feb. 19).

Hockey

Montreal vs. New York, Montreal.
Toronto vs. Detroit, Toronto.

Horse Racing

● The Widener, \$100,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up.
● Hialeah Pk., Fla. (NBC-TV, 5 p.m.; radio, 5:15 p.m.).
San Felipe Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/16 m., 3-yr.-olds, Santa Anita Pk., Arcadia, Calif.

Sailing

Midwinter Regatta, Los Angeles harbor (also Feb. 19).

Tennis

World Tennis Tour, Charlotte, N.C.

Track & Field

Natl. AAU indoor championships, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 19

Basketball

Xavier (Ohio) vs. Dayton, Cincinnati Garden, Cincinnati.
(Professionals)
Boston vs. Philadelphia, Boston.
Minneapolis vs. Rochester, Minneapolis.
St. Louis vs. Fort Wayne, St. Louis.
Syracuse vs. New York, Syracuse.

Hockey

New England Assn. championships, Boston.

Hockey

Chicago vs. Detroit, Chicago.
New York vs. Boston, New York.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 20

Basketball

(Leading college games)
Illinois vs. Purdue, Champaign, Ill.
Kentucky vs. Vanderbilt, Lexington, Ky.
Louisiana State vs. Alabama, Baton Rouge.
Temple vs. Lebanon Valley, Philadelphia.
Virginia vs. Duke, Charlottesville, Va.

Boxing

● Bary Calhoun vs. Angelo Delencio, middleweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (Du Mont).
Archie Moore vs. Howard King, light-heavyweights (non-title), San Francisco (10 rds.).
Ralph Dugas vs. Houston Khalil, lightweights, New Orleans (10 rds.).
Del Fongue vs. Jimmy Martinez, welterweights, Bangor, Me. (10 rds.).

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 21

Basketball

(Leading college games)
Drake vs. St. Louis, Des Moines.
Eastern Mo. State vs. Louisville, Richmond.
N.C. State vs. N. Carolina, Raleigh, N.C.
(Professionals)
Fort Wayne vs. Rochester & New York vs. Syracuse, New York.
St. Louis vs. Boston, St. Louis.

Dog Show

Eastern Dog Club Show, Boston (also Feb. 22).

Hockey

Detroit vs. Boston, Detroit.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22

Basketball

(Leading college games)
Dayton vs. Seattle, Dayton, Ohio.
Temple vs. St. Joseph (Pa.), Palestine, Philadelphia.
(Professionals)
Minneapolis vs. Boston, Minneapolis.
St. Louis vs. Rochester & Philadelphia vs. New York, Philadelphia.

Boxing

● Tommy Harrison vs. Eddie Machen, heavyweights, San Francisco Garden, San Francisco (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC).

Hockey

New York vs. Toronto, New York.

Horse Racing

Washington's Birthday Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/4 m. (flat), 4-yr.-olds up, Santa Anita Pk., Arcadia, Calif.

Tennis

USLTA men's indoor championships, New York (through Feb. 26).
World Tennis Tour, Memphis.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23

Basketball

C.I.A.A. tournament, Durham, N.C. (through Feb. 25).
(Professionals)
Syracuse vs. Fort Wayne, Syracuse.

Golf

Houston Open Invitational, \$30,000, Houston (through Feb. 25).
Saracota Women's Open, \$5,000, Saracota, Fla. (through Feb. 25).

Hockey

Montreal vs. New York, Montreal.

Tennis

World Tennis Tour, New Orleans.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24

Basketball

(Leading college games)
N. Carolina vs. Duke, Chapel Hill, N.C.
Santa Clara vs. San Francisco, Santa Clara, Calif.
(Professionals)
St. Louis vs. Syracuse & Philadelphia vs. Boston, Philadelphia.

Boxing

● Rocky Castillano vs. John L. Sullivan, welterweights, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).

Hockey

Chicago vs. Toronto, Chicago.

Sailing

Holmenkollen Week, cross-country and jumping competitions, Oslo, Norway (through Feb. 26).

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25

Auto Racing

SCAA race, Palm Springs, Fla. (also Feb. 26).

Basketball

(Leading college games)
● Northwestern vs. Indiana, Evanston, Ind., 2 p.m., C.S.T. (CBS).
Alabama vs. Kentucky, Montgomery, Ala.
Dayton vs. Eastern Mo. State, Dayton.
Duke vs. Geo. Washington, Durham, N.C.
Florida vs. Vanderbilt, Gainesville, Fla.
Murray State vs. Louisville, Murray, Ky.
N.C. State vs. Wake Forest, Raleigh, N.C.
Ohio State vs. Illinois, Columbus, Ohio.
St. Louis vs. Tulsa, St. Louis.
Temple vs. Duquesne, Palestine, Philadelphia.
(Professionals)
● New York vs. St. Louis, New York, 3 p.m. (NBC*).
Rochester vs. Fort Wayne, Rochester.

Bekindling

North American two- & four-man championships, Lake Placid, N.Y. (also Feb. 25).

Hockey

Montreal vs. Detroit, Montreal.
Toronto vs. Boston, Toronto.

Horse Racing

● 140000 Stakes, \$100,000 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds.
● Hialeah Pk., Fla. (NBC-TV, 5 p.m.; radio, 5:15 p.m.).
Santa Anita Handicap, \$100,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Santa Anita Pk., Arcadia, Calif.

Track

104A indoor championships, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 26

Auto Racing

NASCAR 150-mile Grand Natl. championship race, Daytona Beach, Fla.

Basketball

(Professionals)
Boston vs. Rochester, Boston.
Minneapolis vs. Fort Wayne, Minneapolis.
St. Louis vs. New York, St. Louis.
Syracuse vs. Philadelphia, Syracuse.

Hockey

Chicago vs. Boston, Chicago.
New York vs. Detroit, New York.

Tennis

World Tennis Tour, Fort Worth.

*See local listing.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

2.—A.P. © I.N.T. Mark Kaufman, Jason Papp, 5.—A.P. © I.N.T. Michael McCombs, D.P. Bob Ford, Gibson, A.P. 8.—drawing by James Cameron. 14.—drawing by Art 13.—Torn Photographs 19.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer 20, 21.—Torn Photographs, Rex Crowl, Lucie Photographs 22, 23.—A.P. Seattle Times 23.—Seattle Times 26, 27.—Dark Giant, Columbia 28.—Curt Sander 45.—Bob Sander 48.—drawing by Ben Sater 52-54.—Columbia 55.—Bob Miller 56.—Indiana Courier Mail 56.—Bob Sander

LET'S THINK A WHILE

Sirs:

Your report on the Winter Games was excellent, wonderful reading in all three issues. Now is the time to face the questions raised by the results. Why, with a country full of sports-loving people, did we do so badly? Granted, Russian athletes enjoy a measure of official support which ours do not, but such support does not create greatness, it merely encourages it. What Russia apparently does have is an intense devotion to an ideal for its own sake. I may be wrong, but it seemed to this observer that the Russians were striving for perfection for its own sake, although their sports commissars may be motivated by very different ideals. Immediately after the last war I spent much time with Russian troops stationed in the Kassel, Germany, area as a liaison officer. I had many political-social discussions with some of their people. We got no place, of course, but again I was struck by their intense dedication to an ideal (the state over the individual) from which they themselves had derived almost no personal benefit at all.

I sometimes think that we Americans have lost that capacity for devotion to a cause for its own sake. We want to be good athletes, businessmen, husbands, craftsmen, etc., but we want to get there using every short cut and easy way that science and our elastic principles can devise. Away with calisthenics, apprenticeships, drudgery, perseverance and courtesy and on to the goal. I have the feeling that in the Winter Games we sent boys to do a man's job. Let's think about this for a while.

R. B. F. HOLDSWORTH

Los Angeles

WARM HEARTS AT THE WINTER GAMES

Sirs:

I think that the Olympics do as much good for spectators as for contestants.

When the Finns applauded a Russian for an outstanding performance—that is my idea of furthering the cause for world peace.

I'd say let's warm our hearts more often through events like the Olympics.

BELL CURTIS

Endicott, N.Y.

READER, SPECTATOR AND PARTICIPANT

Sirs:

All I want to tell you is that SI is certainly a wonderful publication.

MR. CAPER

I am interested in sports of all kinds, even though I was never a champion. I enjoy sports, like to read about them, like to watch them, and like to participate.

SI is really tops. I bear many favorable comments. The report on the Winter Olympics in Italy was wonderful, as were many other things.

F. PRAYET HOFFELFINGER

Minneapolis

HE WHO WOULD VALIANT BE

Sirs:

Last Sunday I took SI into the pulpit at our family service. The fathers and their boys identified the athletes who are now plugging for Christianity (SI, Feb. 6), and then I read your quotations from Erskine, Towler, Burk, Kell and Roberts. It made a good sermonette, relevant and significant, with just a touch of humor. The Bible passage was I Corinthians 9:15-18, 24-27, and the hymn was *He Who Would Valiant Be*.

RANDOLPH CAMP MILES

Professor of Christian Education
Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

● St. Paul wrote to the Corinthian congregation: "Do you not know that in a race all the runners compete, but only one receives the prize? So run that you may obtain it. Every athlete exercises self-control in all things. They do it to obtain a perishable wreath, but we an imperishable. Well, I do not run aimlessly, I do not box as one beating the air; but I pommel my body and subdue it, lest after preaching to others I myself should be disqualified." (I Corinthians 9:24-27.)—ED.

EXPERIENCE

Sirs:

It is a real experience to be associated with these outstanding athletes who have similar convictions.

I'm heading south Feb. 18, so it won't be long until opening day.

CARL ERSKINE

Anderson, Ind.

● To Carl Erskine of the Brooklyn Dodgers our best wishes for a successful opening and all subsequent days.—ED.

TREMENDOUS TESTIMONY

Sirs:

I am deeply impressed by the Christian experience of Carl Erskine and his contemporaries, summed up by Adrian Burk's phrase: "I don't pray to win." Admitting of a limitation as it is written, I personally would not have looked to their kind for such forthright and sincere declarations of faith and trust in God. The effect of such testimony on the youth in Denver must have been tremendous, and how fortunate that there now exists a medium with the power and will to publicize it so widely.

T. K. ALMROTH

Van Nuys, Calif.

MORE POWER TO HIM

Sirs:

Congratulations on your superb article on the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. It was most inspiring.

All of us are concerned with the fact that more than 60% of our youth receive no formal religious training. And it's wonderfully thrilling that the FCA have committed themselves to give generously of their time and talents in sharing their Christian convictions before young people in general and athletes in particular.

It is deeply gratifying to find so many high-minded athletes concerned with the problem. Probably nobody can do a better job of steering our youth to the church of their choice. More power to Robbin Roberts, Dan Towler, Carl Erskine, George Kell, Adrian Burk and all their colleagues. And more power to you for telling the story!

G. HERBERT MCCracken

Member Advisory Board FCA

Member Youth Committee of

International YMCA

Director Little League Baseball, Inc.
New York

TO BUILD BETTER CITIZENS

Sirs:

HARNESS HERO WORSHIPPERS TERRIFIC PROJECT AND YOUR REPORTING AND HANDLING GIVES IT REAL WALLOP. ORDER OF DEMOLAY (BUILDING BETTER CITIZENS OUT OF BOYS 14 TO 21) CAN SPONSOR APPEARANCES OF FELLOWSHIP OF CHRISTIAN ATHLETES SPEAKERS IN KANSAS CITY AND MANY OTHER URBAN CENTERS. DEMOLAY FOUNDER FRANK LAND CONGRATULATES SI FOR PROVING ITS SIZE IN GOING AFTER and

continued on next page

by AJAY



© Alor

PLAYING UP THE HARNESSING OF THE BEERO
WORSHIPERS.

ERLE SMITH

Kansas City

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY

Sirs:

Here *Worship Harassment* was well done, and shows all of us how practical Christianity is in sports, as well as in life. Where can I reach Don McClanen of the FCA?

REV. GEORGE S. HEWITT
Union Methodist Church

Brookline, Pa.

● Headquarters of the FCA are in the First National Bank building of Norman, Okla. McClanen's athletes are preparing for engagements in Indianapolis, Lincoln, Neb. and Lawrence, Kans. Plans are under way for a summer conference combining athletic clinics with spiritual fellowship in order "to make more real and vital in the individual life of the athlete the challenge of following Christ."—ED.

A HAPPY INVENTION

Sirs:

Your new cartoon character, Mr. Caper (see page 59), is a happy invention. Comic strips that achieve an adult level are all too rare; usually the reader is drawn down too. Congratulations to SI and to Ajay, and may Caper never go kaput!

THOMAS APPLEBY

Norfolk, Va.

WELCOME

Sirs:

I think Ajay's cartoon Mr. Caper is refreshingly subtle and a most welcome addition to the magazine.

EDWIN GILBERT

Bridgewater, Conn.

FRESH AND FUNNY

Sirs:

Congratulations on your wonderful cartoon strip by Ajay! I've admired the small things he's done for you for so long and think the strip just great. He has such a fresh approach and is so genuinely funny.

VERGILIA SMITH

Santa Ana, Calif.

● Ajay, SI'S EVENTS & DISCOVERIES illustrator, asked for more elbow room, and Mr. Caper was the result.—ED.

ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATS

Sirs:

I would like to pay tribute to SI for the splendid article on soccer, covering both the fine paintings on the sport and *England's Old Man Stanley* (SI, Feb. 6).

To me Stanley Matthews is one of the world's outstanding sportsmen, and gentlemen, too. At no time during his long career has he ever been known to take unfair advantage of an opponent. He has played the game in almost every country in the world where soccer is played and only an injury he received in Toronto during the English team's tour of that country kept him out of the team which played the United States team at Randall's Island in 1956. This was a keen disappointment to the thousands of soccer fans in this country who had traveled many miles to see him play.

JAMES A. WALGREN

Chairman, Olympic Selection Comm.

Natl. Soccer Coaches Assn.

Philadelphia

ALL-AMERICA SOCCER TEAM

Sirs:

About a month ago the 1955 collegiate All-America soccer team was announced, but nowhere in your magazine could I find mention of this fact. You have done a good job on soccer coverage up to now, but I do think you slipped up when you overlooked this important event.

FRED HARTRICK

Oberlin, Ohio

● With a Pat on their collective Backs, here are the 1955 All-America soccer collegians:

G James Davins	Bridgeport
RF Carlos Oasio	California
LF Robert Simpson	Temple
RH Dale Conly	Oberlin
CH Sergio Rey	Westchester
	T.C.
LH John Hicks	Indiana
OR Dick Malinowski	Baltimore
IR Olof Karawan	Illinois
CF Richard Packer	Penn State
IL David Arnold	Wheaton
OL E. C. Kirkhall	Amherst

—ED.

A CORRECTION

Sirs:

In James Murray's very stimulating article on croquet, he writes that the sport was originated some time around 1925 by a few wealthy estate owners in the East (among them Ogden Phipps, Mr. Margaret Emerson, Averell Harriman and Herbert Bayard Swope Jr.). This is an interesting observation, but an inaccurate one. I am not and never have been a "wealthy estate owner," and in 1925 I was nine years old. My croquet playing at that age was just beginning, and it could hardly have been called one of the more classic styles of the period.

Mr. Murray must refer to my father who was certainly one of the originators of the game and started playing it on the lawn of our house in Great Neck, L.I. (rented, not owned). In 1929 he moved to Sands Point (owned, not rented) and plays there now, on a very sporting and quite difficult course.

HERBERT BAYARD SWOPE, JR.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

● Of course it was father Swope who pioneered the game on Long Island. SI invites H. B. Swope Jr. to turn to page 62 for a variety of reader opinions (including that of an irate golfer) on croquet and croqueters.—ED.

THE END OF HOBEY BAKER

Sirs:

I was captivated by your YESTERDAY, *Everbody's Hero on Skates* (SI, Jan. 16), written around the immortal Hobey Baker.

Thoughts you might like to know that Hobey's memory lingers on, other than at St. Paul's School and Princeton (19TH HOLE, Jan. 2), where they compete on ice each year for the honor of winning his old hockey stick.

It was my pleasure to have been associated with Captain Hobey Baker as a member of the 141st Aero Squadron (Pursuit), which he commanded in 1918. The 154 enlisted men and 22 officers of this squadron adored him as a man and Army pilot.

I was present on that sad day, the 24th of December, 1918, when he was killed at the little airfield outside Toul, France, and was one of the first to reach the crash scene, and I removed his helmet before he was placed in an ambulance.

Since 1942 I have acted as secretary of the 141st Aero Squadron Association and we hold annual reunions.

Over Labor Day, 1941 our reunion was

continued on page 62



Jerry Marcus

"I understand just about everybody owns a piece of him."

held in Philadelphia, at which time we all journeyed to the cemetery in West Philadelphia where Hobey Baker is buried and conducted a memorial service at the grave. One member of his crew, Clarence D. Mickelson, was present at that time.

Of the 134 enlisted men and 22 officers who were members of the 141st, I still correspond with 137 of them, and in practically every one of their homes you will find a picture of Hobey Baker. It is not infrequent that old eyes will still become dimmed and moist when his name is mentioned in conversation.

There is no question but that he was loved as very few officers are by a group of fellow officers and men.

We have completely lost track of the members of his family. Do you know of any?

ARTHUR D. DODGE

Las Cruces, N. Mex.



HOBEBY BAKER'S PLANE

• Another SI reader, Thomas H. Noone Sr., who also knew Baker as a flyer, took this picture (see cut) of Baker's plane after the crash that killed him. Hobey's brother died a few years ago leaving four sons and a daughter:

A. T. Baker III, an associate editor of TIME; Hobart Amory Hare Baker of Old Lyme, Conn.; Henry Baker, a reporter on the *Hartford Courant*; Laurance Baker of Doylestown, Pa.; and Mrs. Clement Jacomini of Los Angeles. Hobey was named after the uncle who brought him into the world: Dr. Hobart Amory Hare, a famous physician of his day who was president of the board of Philadelphia's Jefferson Hospital.—ED.

CROQUET, ANYONE?

Sirs:

Who cares about croquet? ... Since when is it a sport? A couple of weeks ago it was bird watching, I'm almost afraid to buy the next issue.

MIKE KENNY

Detroit

• Who cares? Why, nobody but people—see below.—ED.

NEW CONVERTS TO AN OLD SPORT

Sirs:

I am very interested in the *Wicket Men of Hollywood* (SI, Jan. 30). Can you advise me where I can get the necessary information on the layout of this type of croquet course as well as to where I can buy this English equipment?

JOE C. MITCHELL

Marfa, Texas

Sirs:

Your story on croquet was a howling success here in our home. Please publish the rules by which these people play.

ROBERT W. LUEBKE

Green Bay, Wis.

Sirs:

... Can you send me or tell me where to find the rules for this modified game of

croquet and a description of the apparently different equipment which is used?

COLONEL R. E. CUSHMAN JR., USMC
Norfolk, Va.

Sirs:

... Will you please advise me where the English croquet sets may be purchased?

W. R. WINS

Springfield, Mo.

Sirs:

I would very much appreciate your furnishing me the manufacturers' names of the croquet or wicket equipment, whether domestic or foreign.

JOHN KALK

Sheboygan Falls, Wis.

• The Messrs. Mitchell, Luebke, Winn, Kalk, Colonel Cushman and other new converts to the old sport of croquet who have written SI for information will hear from us by letter.—ED.

ON PIONEERS!

Sirs:

Your excellent piece on the *Wicket Men of Hollywood* needs some historical buttressing. Mr. Darryl Zanuck is wrong in believing that the "scientific" brutally competitive game of croquet as they play it originated on Long Island in the '20s. And the roll call of experts omits one who was in all probability the greatest player of this country—the noted novelist Kathleen Norris.

Mrs. Norris and her late husband Charles G. Norris were playing this modern croquet at their ranch at Saratoga, California (50 miles south of San Francisco) as early as 1919. They taught me the game in 1921, so I know whereof I speak. They had already developed, on a huge lawn, a game that in deadly accuracy, range and intricate strategy seemed to combine elements from billiards, polo and chess. The Norrises changed the entire spirit of croquet, much the way another Californian, Maurice McLoughlin, had changed tennis. They pioneered in countless refinements, including night tournaments under floodlights. Cegee Norris was a superb player and so later was their son Dr. Frank Norris. But the master of all was Kathleen. She had every technical skill, a depth of strategic resource that champion chess players would envy, and steel nerves in the clutch.

After many years of play Mrs. Norris has finally retired, but during her long reign she could have given the boys from Hollywood some moments of wide-eyed and perspiring amazement.

RICHARD LEONARD

Larchmont, N.Y.

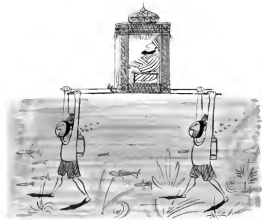
A SWING AT SWOPE

Sirs:

Herbert Bayard Swope Jr. in talking about croquet certainly must be both ignorant and blind to state "in golf you don't need intellect at all, just a swing." Anyone who is a fair golfer at all will admit that concentration and the ability to think is one of the greatest assets in shooting good golf. Hogan, who is well qualified to talk on golf, a little more than Swope anyhow, says "99% of golf is between the ears."

BILL HUESTES

Phoenix





LOUISE WIDENER

As befits a young and attractive Kentucky matron, Mrs. P. A. B. Widener III of Lexington is a fine horsewoman. But, although she lives more than 500 miles from the ocean, it is at deep-sea fishing that she excels. Pictured here with her husband Pete, Kentucky's new commissioner of state police, Mrs. Widener has, at one time or another, held two world fishing records. In 1950 she set the women's Atlantic sailfish mark by landing a 70½-pounder on a 30-pound test line, and in 1951 she set another record by taking a 25-pound 5-ounce sailfish on a 20-pound test line. "I fish just for fun," says Mrs. Widener modestly. "Those records were just accidents. Just being out in the boat and

trying your luck is the main idea. When you catch a fish, that's an added bonus." As proof of this, Mrs. Widener points out that her biggest thrill in fishing came from a disappointment, something veteran fishermen easily understand. It happened last month when she lost a 400-pound blue marlin after a three-hour struggle off Palm Beach. It was tough to lose him, she explains, but it was fun getting that close.

As the wife of a man who has an eighth interest in NASCAR, she is also keen on racing. She owns a yearling filly by Shannon II out of Namor, and she expects to race her next year. "I have hopes," Mrs. Widener says, "I have hopes."

GREAT SCOT

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Take any number...up to 8!



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*A Zebra Productions, Inc., picture filmed in Hollywood by Orson and produced by Desi Arnaz.

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